THE RANGER,

A COLLECTION OF

PERIODICAL ESSAYS,

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. THOMAS ATWOOD, M. A.

BY

THE HON. M. HAWKE,

AND

SIR R. VINCENT, BART.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

VOL. II.

BRENTFORD,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS, BY P. NORBURY,
AND SOLD BY MR. PARSONS, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;
MESS. MARTIN AND BAIN, No. 184, FLEET-STREET;
MR. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY;
MR. KNIGHT, WINDSOR;
AND
MR. FLETCHER, OXFORD.

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NUMBER XXI.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1794.

'Αλλὰ δεῖ τὰ βέλτιστα αντὶ τῶν ἡδέων λαμβάνειν.'
(DEMOSTHENES.)

It is our duty to prefer utility to pleaſure.

IN the archives of the Perſian monarchs ſtand the following words, copied from the original manuſcript, and inſerted in his hiſtory by the ſage Abdallatif:

'The potent ſultan, Acber, the moſt puiſſant mo-
'narch of the eaſt, before whom innumerable viziers

'bend the knee, and whoſe preſence is like the luſtre 'of the meridian ſun to the children of the faithful, 'commands theſe words to be engraved in letters of 'gold, that the degenerate ſons of folly may view the 'deluſions which miſlead the mind, and learn care-'fully to avoid error, as they would the quickſand 'and the ſhoal.

'Selim was the richeſt merchant in the city of 'Shiraz, great aſſiduity united to ſpotleſs probity, had 'raiſed him from the duſt, and ſeated him in the pa-'lace of proſperity: The multitude bowed before 'him as he paſſed: With the balm of benevolence 'he healed the wounds of affliction, and he was re-'nowned for the liberality and juſtice of his dealings 'throughout the extenſive continent of Aſia. It is in 'vain, however, to contend with fate, Selim was 'numbered with his fathers, and his immenſe poſ-'ſeſſions devolved upon his only ſon, Mirza. Happy 'would it have been for his ſucceſſor had he inherited 'at the ſame time the virtues of Selim.

'Mirza was young and inexperienced, for the an-'guiſh of misfortune had never yet pierced his heart; 'He viewed with tranſport the numerous bales of 'merchandize which filled his extenſive magazines, 'and his ſlaves outnumbering the fleeting hours of

'the

'the revolving year: But he reflected not on the 'wiſe diſpenſations of Allah, that the diſadvantages 'of pleaſure are many, and the benefits of patience 'and induſtry innumerable. He flattered himſelf that 'his proſperity would endure for ever, and that his 'wealth would ſupply the varied train of pleaſures, 'which ſucceeded each other every moment, like the 'paſſing clouds in the horizon of the ſetting ſun.

'Selim had accumulated his riches by a long ſeries 'of induſtry and attention; he had ever preferred 'that which was really beneficial, to empty ſhew and 'idle magnificence. "The life of man," would he 'often ſay, "is a journal in which good and uſeful "actions only ſhould be written; let him be attentive "and diligent, and he ſhall acquire the object of his "wiſhes. Pleaſure, like a fleeting ſhadow eludes our "graſp, the roſes, which it ſeems to offer us wither "at our touch, and the thorns alone remain." How 'different was the conduct of his ſon! "I pray "thee, Allah," ſaid this miſtaken youth, "to "grant thy ſlave the poſſeſſion of every thing which "may gratify his taſte or charm his eye; let *others* "be confined to the drudgery of commerce, and "prefer utility to *pleaſure:* Let *my days* be ſpent in "feſtivity, let the ſeaſon of mirth approach, and let

" the ſound of the lute be conſtantly heard in the " palace of Mirza."

' Thus prayed the deluded ſon of Selim,—the all-' wiſe and omnipotent Allah heard the prayer; and ' well knowing, that his arrogance and folly would ' prove his puniſhment, granted his requeſt.

' Mirza, thus abandoned to the faſcinating wiles of ' pleaſure, ſoon became inattentive to the maxims ' of induſtry, which had raiſed his family from ob-' ſcurity: He conſidered the exertions of prudence ' beneath his regard, and the concerns of commerce ' proper to be entruſted only to *ſlaves*; nor were *theſe* ' even ſelected for their excellent character or their ' knowledge in mercantile affairs. The ſituation on ' which his father had erected his extenſive magazines ' for ſupplying the demands of his commerce, was no ' longer viewed with an eye of ſatisfaction; and he ' quitted it to purchaſe an extenſive palace in the ' ſuburbs of the city, in the oſtentatious decorations ' of which, and in every ſpecies of luxury he laviſhed ' thoſe riches, that ſhould have freighted his veſſels, ' and which his father had profitably and honorably ' employed in the improvement of an affluent fortune, ' and in the extenſion of a liberal commerce.

' Thus

'Thus miſled did the infatuated Mirza court 'pleaſure in every ſhape; each day concluded with 'a magnificent banquet,—the laugh, the jeſt, and 'wanton tale went round, every paſſing hour was 'marked by each varied delight, which diſſipated fancy 'could ſuggeſt. On the gates of his palace he 'cauſed the following words to be engraved in letters 'of gold: "*O, ſtranger, whoever thou art, enter here, "and taſte true delight: It is Mirza, the child of "pleaſure, who invites thee; his riches are as abundant, "as his diſpoſition is hoſpitable.*"

'Hamet had been the worthy friend of Selim, he 'had ſhared his cup of affliction and participated in 'his joys. He viewed with indignation and ſorrow 'the conduct of the ſon, wandering in the dark paths 'of folly, unenlightened by the ſtar of reaſon. He 'reſolved to diſpel the anguiſh of his heart, by in-'ſtructing Mirza to beware of mankind, to con-'verſe with them diffidently, and to guard himſelf 'againſt the allurements of pleaſure; changeable 'like the whirlwind, which puts in motion the 'ſhifting ſands of the inhoſpitable Zahara.

'Experience had rendered Hamet wiſe, a natural 'diſpoſition had formed him virtuous; deſirous to 'render himſelf uſeful, and to correct the inherent

'vices of human nature, he had ſtudied the heart of 'man with indefatigable attention; nor was he diſap-'pointed in that which he ſo ardently ſought, the in-'ternal goodneſs of his mind was equally celebrated 'with the acuteneſs of his underſtanding, and all 'Shiraz ſtiled him the *benevolent Hamet*, the wiſeſt of 'its inhabitants. He ſought the abode of Mirza, and 'found him, in an hour of indolence, alone and 'ſtretched on the ſofa of repoſe: The ſon of Selim 'aroſe to receive this reſpectable man, with a kind 'of involuntary awe; when the firſt ſalutations had 'paſſed, Hamet thus addreſſed him:

"Liſten, O, Mirza, to the voice of reaſon and of "friendſhip; perhaps thou wilt tell me, that thy "days are days of mirth and joy, and the feſtivals of "ſpring;—that thy heart has obtained its deſires, and "that fortune is favorable.—Rouſe thyſelf from thy "dream of folly,—thy wealth, the accumulation of "induſtry and prudence, is diſſipating daily, and thou "ſleepeſt!—The deſert of life lies before thee,—"when thy friends ſhall have forſaken thee, whither "wilt thou go?—Of whom wilt thou enquire thy "way?—How wilt thou exiſt? Let me adviſe thee, "—imitate the departed Selim,—inſpect thine affairs, "diſmiſs thy paraſites, attach thyſelf to uſeful pur-"ſuits, return to virtue, be proſperous, be happy."

'Mirza

'Mirza heard the wiſe precepts with fixed indif-
'ference; and although internally convinced how
'truly he merited theſe reproaches, he counterfeited
'the ſmile of approbation, and thus replied to the
'admonitions and friendly leſſons of Hamet.

"The roſes of Shiraz bloom in vain the fragrance
"and beauty of which adorn not our tables nor exhi-
"lirate our ſenſes. Vain is the luſtre of the dia-
"mond buried in the dark mines of Golconda;—
"where is the ſplendour of the moon when obſcured
"by clouds?—Riches ſhould be diſperſed abroad like
"the rivers, which fertilize the rich plains of Perſia:
"Such are the decrees of Heaven, and when theſe
"are fulfilled, no light remains to the eye of the
"underſtanding, and neither prudence nor wiſdom
"bring any advantage: I will, therefore, purſue my
"pleaſures eagerly, for while we converſe together
"the dark autumn of life is approaching, and the
"beautiful ſeaſon of gilded ſpring flies rapidly away."
'Hamet had nothing to reply, he retired deeply af-
'flicted and dejected.

'In the city of Shiraz lived alſo Fatima: the luſtre
'of her eye was ſuperior to the brightneſs of the
'morning ſtar; the jet of her locks was darker than
'the hue of night; her ſhape was more graceful than

'the

'the cypreſs; her teeth were ſtrings of pearl ſet 'between rows of rubies; her voice was like the 'plaintive note of the nightingale's thrilling harmony. 'Mirza beheld Fatima and was captivated with her 'beauty,—he found that ſhe was the daughter of an 'humble mechanic, and pauſed ere he determined to 'eſpouſe her. He traverſed his gardens, but they 'had loſt the power to charm,—he gazed around him 'and this former paradiſe ſeemed transformed into a 'deſert. "Alas," ſaid he, "the ſpring blooms in "vain,—the borders of the bower, thronged with "luxurious jeſſamines, are not fragrant in the abſence "of Fatima. The motion of the dancing cypreſs and "of the waving flowers is not agreeable without the "miſtreſs of my heart. Oh, Fatima, deprived of "thee *what* is wealth, and *where* is happineſs?"— 'Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, the impetuous 'Mirza flew to Sadi, who as mercenary in his views 'as mean in his ideas, promiſed his daughter to the 'enraptured Mirza, without conſulting her wiſhes; 'and he would voluntarily have ſacrificed her inclina- 'tions to ſplendour had ſhe rebelled againſt his au- 'thority:—but he had no occaſion to exert parental 'power; the ſordid Fatima, untouched by the 'paſſion which animated her lover's heart, was 'dazzled by the treaſures which he opened to her 'view; and by the gay magnificence deſtined to ſur-

'round

'round the future wife of Mirza. She heard his 'vows of love, with the tranſport of pride; the bluſh 'of vanity mantled in her cheek; ſhe gracefully re-'ſigned her ſnow-white hand to the ſon of Selim; and 'Mirza led her, a blooming bride, to that feſtive 'manſion where the fleeting hours glided ſwiftly 'away in gay delight and varying pleaſures. She was 'received into the Haram with all the honors due to 'the elect of Mirza's heart; a band of female ſlaves 'aſſiſted to array her in robes of eaſtern magnificence; 'the glowing brilliants ſparkled in her treſſes, ſome of 'which were confined by ſtrings of coſtly pearl, 'while others wantoned in the Zephirs, and diffuſed 'around the ambroſial odours, with which they were 'perfumed. Thus decorated Fatima advanced to 'meet her lord;—he ſeized with tranſport her ex-'tended hand, and led her to the ſumptuous banquet, 'prepared in honor of their eſpouſals, while the har-'monious notes of ſofteſt muſic charmed their ra-'viſhed ſenſes.

'In this delirium of imaginary happineſs ſome 'moons paſſed rapidly away:—The charm of faſ-'cination was at length diſſolved, and Mirza diſco-'vered, but too late, that he had laviſhed his fortune 'and his affections on a woman, whoſe heart was 'unknown to him, and whoſe exterior alone had

'attracted

'attracted his haſty affections. Her form, indeed, 'was more beautiful than the moſt lovely daughters 'of the eaſt, but the heart of Fatima was like that of 'the leopardeſs, whoſe variegated ſpots conceal only 'a ſavage and ferocious temper. The ſandy plains 'of Zahara were the emblems of her mind uncultivated by education. The love of pleaſure reigned 'deſpotic ſovereign of her breaſt.—This propenſity 'too well accorded at firſt with the enervated mind 'of Mirza, not to give them ſimilar ſentiments, and 'ſome kind of apparent uniſon; a ſhort time diſcovered but too ſoon how much the ſon of Selim had 'ſacrificed his peace of mind and happineſs to artifice and treachery.

'Among the gay votaries of pleaſure, who thronged 'the banquets of Mirza, Azor, majeſtic in ſhape 'like the loſty cedar, ſtood diſtinguiſhed for perſonal beauty and mental endowments. He ſolicited 'permiſſion to behold the divine Fatima, and the 'folly of Mirza could refuſe nothing to his friend: 'To ſee her, was to fall into an inevitable and fatal 'ſnare: the ſame unerring dart, which had ſo unfortunately wounded his injured friend, pierced the 'devoted heart of Azor. Fatima perceived and gloried in her conqueſt; her ſoul, for the firſt time, 'caught the infection of mutual love; and her eyes

'conveyed

'conveyed to thoſe of Azor, the intelligent glances
'of acceptance. They availed themſelves of the
'abſence of Mirza on a viſit, and the unfortunate
'ſon of Selim found on his return, that the wife of
'his boſom had ſeized this opportunity to fly with
'her new lover, laden with the ſpoils of an ill re-
'quited liberality. Thus diſappointed in his tendereſt
'hopes, he gave himſelf up entirely to the groſſeſt
'ſenſuality, and loſt every trace of thoſe noble ſen-
'timents, which ſhould be inſeparable from the ſoul of
'man. The companions of his diſſipated life, ſoon
'diſcovered his declining ſituation;—his banquets
'loſt by degrees their former ſplendour; and thoſe
'falſe friends who baſked only in the ſunſhine of
'proſperity, retreated from that houſe, which began
'to offer them a gloomy proſpect. Diſtracting
'were the ſenſations of Mirza, at this mortifying
'proof of the inconſtancy of friendſhip.—His own
'mind was unable to yield him conſolation, and it
'was in the bitterneſs of remorſe, that he ſought
'for the counſels of the wiſe, but long neglected
'Hamet.—This worthy and experienced ſage came
'at his requeſt, and found him bewailing bitterly his
'fate. "Alas," cried Mirza, "behold a wretch
"indeed, unworthy thy regard,—betrayed by love,
"—forſaken by friendſhip,—and undone by fortune!
"—What is left for me but death?" "Ceaſe, ſon of
"Selim,"

" Selim," interrupted the hoary Hamet, " theſe un-
" availing regrets; and rather rejoice that fate has
" liberated thee from the bondage of thoſe vices that
" enſlaved thy youth. While thy treaſures remained
" unexhauſted, thy taſte for ſenſual pleaſures did not
" ſlacken:—Providence has, in bereaving thee of
" wealth, at once proved thy puniſhment and thy
" protection: by thy miſguided choice of the un-
" grateful and perfidious Fatima, thou haſt expe-
" rienced the fallacy of love;—by the unworthy
" intimacies which thou haſt formed, thou haſt proved
" the inſtability of friendſhip;—and by thy unbounded
" luxury and extravagance, thou haſt diſcovered,
" that riches ill managed end in ruin. Proſtrate
" thyſelf before the mighty Allah,—bow humbly to
" the rod that corrects thee, by repentance merit his
" future bleſſings:—And mark the juſtice of thy fate:
" —thou wert headſtrong, and art deſervedly pu-
" niſhed; true, thou art bereaved of all thoſe plea-
" ſures, in which thou hadſt fooliſhly placed thy
" happineſs; but in depriving thee of the delights,
" which intoxicated thy ſenſes, Allah becomes thy
" friend and guardian. His mercy has checked thy gay
" career, while thou art yet in the vigour of that youth
" and ſtrength, which will enable thee by induſtry
" and activity, to acquire a competence ſufficient
" to crown thy future days with peace. Sink not

" ſupinely

" ſupinely on the couch of indolence, nor deplore
" the natural conſequence of thy follies with uſeleſs
" and unmanly tears; exert thoſe faculties of ſoul,
" which have hitherto been obſcured;—let virtue
" aſſume its empire over thy mind:— awake from
" that fatal ſlumber, which has overwhelmed thee
" but too long."

' Mirza oppreſſed by the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of
' gratitude, embraced his aged monitor. " Oh
" friend," exclaimed he, " thy words are like the
" balſam of Mecca to my wounded heart; they
" ſhall be deeply engraved on the tablet of my me-
" mory, and faithfully recorded in all my future
" actions. Had I ſooner liſtened to thy counſels, I
" ſhould not have experienced my preſent miſery!
" but I will dare to hope the righteous Allah will
" pardon my inexperienced youth the follies which it
" has committed. I have been gay, volatile, luxurious,
" and diſſipated, vain, haughty, and abſolute; but
" never has my heart been ſtained with crimes, nor
" my hands imbrued in blood. I have been the
" ſlave of flattery, and the dupe of artifice, I have
" yielded to the dominion of headſtrong paſſions;
" but from this moment, I ceaſe to be the child of
" error, and ſubmit myſelf, Hamet, to thy directions:

" guide

" guide me through the intricate paths of life, and " lead me by the road of virtue, to happineſs."—
' From this period Mirza appeared a new creature:
' with the aſſiſtance of Hamet, he examined the
' ſtate of his diſſipated treaſures;—all was in con-
' fuſion, and little remained of thoſe poſſeſſions,
' which he had ſo ill employed, and ſo laviſhly ex-
' pended. The vaſt debts that he had contracted,
' made it neceſſary for him to diſpoſe of his effects
' to diſcharge them; and he reſigned his magnificent
' palace to one of his principal creditors, with the
' promiſe of being permitted to redeem it, if, he
' ſhould return to Shiraz from the voyage, which he
' meant to undertake, and fortune ſhould once more
' favor him. Mirza could not however, tear himſelf
' from the ſeat of his loſt pleaſures, without feeling
' the moſt poignant mortification; and as the portals
' of that manſion cloſed upon him, which had till
' then, opened wide to receive him and his gay con-
' federates, he heaved a ſigh of the keeneſt regret,
' and breathed a ſecret wiſh, that he might be en-
' abled once again, to be the maſter of that wealth,
' which would reſtore him to his palace.

' Hamet perceived and deplored the weakneſs of
' a mind, which enervated by a voluptuous life,
' ſcarcely

'ſcarcely could acquire ſtrength and reaſon from 'experience purchaſed at ſo dear a rate: Mirza 'however, ſaw no alternative before him, but po-'verty or induſtry: he wiſely determined therefore, 'on the latter; and with the ſmall remnant, which 'he had ſaved from the wreck of his fortune, he 'embarked, on board a veſſel bound to India, in queſt 'of diamonds. His voyage was proſperous beyond 'his moſt ſanguine hopes; and in a few years he 'acquired wealth ſufficient to retrieve his former 'circumſtances: while riches were the object of his 'purſuit, Mirza was indefatigable and induſtrious; 'but when that point was obtained, and he once 'more turned his eyes toward Shiraz, the dormant 'propenſities of his mind awoke, his paſſions roſe 'from the embers where they had ſo long been ſmo-'thered, and promiſed to rage with greater violence 'than ever. He had been informed that Hamet had 'been gathered to his fathers; this event ſeemed 'to give liberty to his future actions. Short was 'the conflict between reaſon and folly,—the latter 'was once more triumphant; and he anticipated 'the reſtoration of his former grandeur, and thoſe 'ſcenes of ſoft delight, which had ſpread ſo fatal a 'deluſion over his ſenſes.

He

'He ſet out, full of theſe fatal wiſhes, in a ca-
'ravan, and, allured by the enticing blandiſhments of
'the Syren pleaſure, relinquiſhed the purſuit of Indian
'wealth, for the renewal of voluptuous eaſe. In
'the midſt of a ſultry day, the caravan had halted
'for refreſhment, and the travellers had pitched
'their tents near a thicket, the verdant ſhade, and
'grateful perfume of which ſeemed to invite repoſe.
'Mirza beheld this enchanting ſpot, and bent his
'ſteps towards it, with a deſire to ſleep: an Indian,
'perceiving his intention, attempted to diſſuade him
'from his purpoſe, by informing him, that innu-
'merable venemous ſerpents lurked in the long her-
'bage, and that their ſting was fatal. "I thank
"thee for thy caution," ſaid the incredulous and
'indolent Mirza, "but I fear not; and the ſituation
"is too tempting for me to relinquiſh it." Thus
'ſaying, he threw himſelf down under the ſhade of
'a plane tree, where he ſoon fell aſleep. His com-
'panions, more wiſe, alarmed by the admonitions
'of the Indian, returned to their tents, having pro-
'miſed to awake Mirza, before they ſhould purſue
'their journey. Oppreſſed with the heat and fatigue
'of the day, he awoke not, till he found himſelf
'encircled by an immenſe ſerpent, entwined in folds
'around him. The horror of his ſituation brought

'him

'him to a ſenſe of his imprudence: he exerted all his 'ſtrength to diſengage himſelf; the ſerpent enraged 'by the attempt, wounded him with his poiſonous 'teeth. Anguiſh and affright drew from Mirza a 'piercing cry; it alarmed his companions, and 'brought them to his aſſiſtance, but too late to reſcue 'him from ſo fatal an enemy. The Indian, who 'had vainly warned him of his danger, thus addreſſed 'him. "Wherefore diſt thou ſcorn my counſel? "alas, thou haſt paid the forfeit of thy folly,—no "antidote can heal the venom of that ſerpent, his "bite is death." Mirza now perceived too late, the 'multiplied follies of his life; and a ſudden con-'viction of his errors, an unavailing repentance 'and a vain regret diſtreſſed his mind. But the 'pangs of death gave him time only to utter theſe 'memorable words:

"A wretch here expires who has been ever deaf "to the counſels of wiſdom, and the voice of reaſon; "—who has ſacrificed true content and conſcious "innocence for the falſe pleaſures of licentious gra-"tification, and has darkened the vernal hours of "happineſs by his own folly;—who, inſtead of en-"creaſing the talents committed to his care by a life "of prudence and utility, has waſted the accumulated

"wealth

" wealth of an exemplary father, and rejected the
" precepts of experienced age. I die the victim of
" my errors, which have induced me to deſpiſe even
" *utility* itſelf, when it did not afford apparent delight;
" and taught me to diſregard the poſſibility of danger,
" when concealed by the invitations of treacherous
" eaſe, and deceitful folly."

N.

NUMBER XXII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1794.

'When ſouls that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
'To have one common object for their wiſhes,
'Look different ways, regardleſs of each other,
'Think what a train of wretchedneſs enſues.'

(ROWE.)

'Mr. RANGER,

Marſhalſea-Priſon.

'I AM one of your conſtant readers, and have 'meditated ſome time, whether I ſhould, or ſhould 'not become your correſpondent: this indeciſion 'was determined by one of your former papers, the 'ſubject of which is ſo conſonant to my own feelings,

'that it has given me courage to open to you the 'ſorrows of a heart, which owes its misfortunes to 'the errors of education, and the fatal depravity of 'morals which ſpread contagion through the world.

'I am well aware that in the detail which I am 'going to make, I ſhall incur the ridicule of many, 'whoſe conduct in life is exactly ſimilar to that of 'ſome individuals, who have contributed to render me 'wretched; but there *are* beings, whoſe praiſe is '*cenſure*, and whoſe cenſure, *praiſe*. I cannot in-'dulge one idea, that my ſtory will have any effect 'on the *callous* minds of either ſex.—The *old*, *al-'ready* hackneyed in the ways of *vice*, poſſeſs hearts '*impenetrable* to reformation, and conſciences har-'dened againſt repentance. The *young*, inherit from '*precept* and *example*, a claim to *defy* all laws, but 'thoſe of *faſhionable folly*.

'It is therefore to *thoſe alone*, I addreſs my tale, 'who either in exalted ſtations, or in humbler medi-'ocrity, are *among* the *few* reſpectable characters, 'who *dare* to be *ſingular* in an age of *general diſ-'ſipation*. It is the young, the amiable, and inex-'perienced, whom I wiſh to warn from impending 'danger, to diſcover to them the *precipice* on which

'they

'they *ſtand*, and to point out the evils, which in the 'ſeducing garb of pleaſure, environ all their ſteps.

'I am the youngeſt ſon of an Earl, and was in-'tended for the army, but the will of a partial 'grandmother, made me independent, by bequeathing 'to me an eſtate, which with the accumulated intereſt 'of a ten years minority, put me in poſſeſſion, at the 'age of twenty one, of an income of two thouſand 'pounds per annum. My father died in my infancy, 'and left me to the care of an indulgent mother, who 'could not ſupport the idea of my entering into the 'army. She had loſt two brothers and a nephew in 'the American war; and ſhe was determined that 'the life of her only ſon, ſhould not be endangered by 'a profeſſion which had proved ſo fatal to her family. 'You are not to imagine however, that the Counteſs 'was one of thoſe weak mothers, who indulge their 'parental fondneſs in ſpoiling their children, by a 'neglect of their education. She ſubmitted to the 'direction of a reſpectable uncle ſo important a 'charge, and I paſſed my firſt years at Eton-ſchool, 'from whence I removed to Oxford, where I re-'mained till it was judged proper that I ſhould take 'the grand tour. At the expiration of the third year 'of my travels, I returned to England, to celebrate

'my one-and-twentieth birth-day, and to take poſ-
'ſeſſion of my little fortune.

'My mother received me with rapture, but I was
'grieved to obſerve that ſickneſs, during my abſence,
'had impaired her conſtitution, which being naturally
'delicate, had yielded to a gradual decay, that threat-
'ened approaching diſſolution.

'The Counteſs was ſenſible of her ſituation, and
'tenderly intereſted in my happineſs, preſſed me to
'allow her to recommend me a wife, and to bleſs
'her eyes with a ſight of our union, before they
'cloſed for ever.

'I tenderly loved my mother, and was truly con-
'ſcious of all the duty which I owed her;—but I
'had a heart formed for the ſenſibility of mutual
'affection, in that ſtate, which I well knew, decided
'our worldly miſery or felicity; and therefore could
'not conſent to ſacrifice my opinion in a point ſo
'important, even in obedience to the wiſhes of a be-
'loved and dying parent. The young lady whom
'her choice pointed out, was elegant in perſon, ac-
'compliſhed in mind, and affluent in fortune; but
'my heart could not feel that ſympathy ſo neceſſary

'to

'to form an indiſſoluble union: Matilda was pre-
'pared to receive my addreſſes; but I revolted at the
'idea of *premeditated* love: ſentiments of indifference
'were all which I could feel for her; and I ſcorned to
'obtain the wealth of an heireſs, with the pretended
'offer of an untouched heart.

'I confeſſed to my mother, the impoſſibility of
'complying with her kind wiſhes, without ſacrificing
'my future happineſs; adding, that the woman who
'could yield her affections by *anticipation*, to a man
'ſhe had never ſeen, wounded her own delicacy, and
'deſcending from the dignity of her ſex, became to
'me an object of *diſguſt*. My mother ſhook her
'head, confeſſed ſhe herſelf had acted wrong, in
'propoſing an alliance, before *apparent chance* had
'introduced us to each other; and kindly aſſured
'me, that ſhe would preſs no farther an union, ſo
'diſcordant to my inclinations: I impreſſed upon her
'hand, a kiſs of grateful acknowledgement; and
'this beloved parent, named no more, her favourite
'Matilda.

'The rapid advance of death, ſoon claimed my
'hourly attention, to the couch of her repoſe.—She
'ſaw the affliction which penetrated my boſom,

'with the tendereſt pity, and endeavoured to reconcile 'me to her inevitable fate. Three months after my 'return to England, I had the misfortune to loſe this 'excellent mother, who bleſſed me in her expiring 'moments, and conjured heaven to mark my days 'with happineſs! — Vain, alas, were her pious 'prayers:—in *her tomb* was buried all my *earthly* fe- 'licity. My eldeſt brother, was the offspring of a 'firſt marriage; it is the leſs then to be wondered at, 'that he thought little attention due to the Counteſs: '—He conſtantly reſided in Ireland, with his Lady, 'whom he had married for alliance, and with whom 'he had been *uniformly miſerable* for ſome years!— 'She was of a temper haughty and imperious;—her 'purſuits were thoſe of vanity;—public amuſements 'eſtranged her from domeſtic ſcenes, and this *faſh-* 'tonable pair, ſeldom met but in the circle of amuſe- 'ment, where they were *too polite* to converſe with 'one another. The endearing claims of paternal 'love, had never awakened their ſenſibility, as their 'union was not cemented by the birth of children: 'their *name* and *title*, ſeemed to be the *only* ties that 'ſubſiſted between them. Though the Earl had 'never appeared to conſider me in the light of a bro- 'ther, he condeſcended, in his condolence on my 'mother's death, to invite me to pay him a viſit in Dublin:

'Dublin: My ſpirits really required change of ſcene, 'I therefore accepted the propoſal, as ſoon as the fu- 'neral ceremonies were performed; and landed in 'Ireland, in the month of October.

'I found the Earl and Counteſs were at a country 'ſeat twenty miles from the capital, whither I im- 'mediately followed them, and was received with 'great civility. The houſe was full of company, 'and what the *world calls pleaſure* ſeemed to occupy 'the time and ideas of the ſelect circle that compoſed 'the gay ſociety.

'From this fatal æra, Mr. RANGER, I date all 'my future *miſeries*; *here*, with my freedom, that 'indifference which all the brilliancy of foreign 'charms had never materially touched. An Iriſh 'Baron, whoſe real title I muſt diſguiſe under the 'fictitious one of Lord Aimwell, with his Lady, were 'of this gay party. His Lordſhip was formed to 'ſhine in courts by his fine addreſs, and to figure in 'aſſemblies at tables of the higheſt play.—Her lady- 'ſhip's private hours were evidently ſpent in *repairing* 'the ravages of that *barbarian, Time*, and in *arreſting*, 'by all the powers of *art*, thoſe *lingering charms*, 'which during the courſe of *half a century*, had

'*bloomed*

'*bloomed*, attracted unrivalled admiration, *withered*, 'and now on their decline, were verging faſt towards 'oblivion.

'Had Lady Aimwell not been *unreaſonable* in her 'demands on youth and beauty, of which ſhe had 'poſſeſſed ſo eminent a ſhare, ſhe might have taken 'pleaſure in ſeeing all her own perſonal perfections '*transferred* to her lovely daughter; but on the con-'trary, *envy* ſupplied in her breaſt, that place which '*ſhould* have been occupied by the delightful emotions 'of maternal love!

'Aurelia was juſt eighteen, tho' Lady Aimwell 'only acknowledged her to be in her fifteenth year. 'A fairer exterior never graced the female form; 'ſymmetry and dignity diſtinguiſhed her figure, and 'the moſt angelic features were animated by ſenſi-'bility and native innocence. After this deſcription 'need I confeſs, Mr. RANGER, that I commenced 'the character of lover;—to *ſee* was to *love*, to *love* 'was to *adore her!* I was at firſt ſtruck with her 'beauty, but compaſſion intereſted my affections.— 'As Lady Aimwell did not reliſh the rival powers 'of her daughter, ſhe was not allowed the privilege 'of remaining in our ſociety beyond the limits of

'thoſe

'thoſe ſtated hours, which called us to the ſucceſſive 'meals: She always diſappeared when the ladies 'aſſembled in the drawing-room.

'When the company ſat down to cards, which they 'did immediately after breakfaſt, I uſually ſtrolled out 'into the gardens, where I failed not to join the lovely 'Aurelia, whoſe duenna conſtantly ſtruck down 'ſome other walk, and left me at liberty to entertain 'her young charge with a *language* more pleaſing 'than that of an *Italian Grammar*, which ſhe held in 'her hand. To ſhorten my narrative, Mr. RANGER, 'I offered, and the bluſhing Aurelia accepted my 'proffered vows. Lord and Lady Aimwell were 'propitious to my wiſhes; the Earl and Counteſs ap-'proved, and in a few weeks I attended my bride to 'Dublin, where her mother inſiſted on my taking a 'houſe for the winter. It would have been more 'pleaſing to me to have accompanied her to England; 'but I found the Counteſs oppoſed my intention 'ſtrongly, and I reluctantly yielded to the earneſt en-'treaties of my wife, that I would not tear her from 'her native country till that period.

'On our removal to Dublin I was obliged to 'ſubmit to enter into the routine of public life, and

'to

'to ſee my wife initiated into every ſcene of diſſi-
'pation. In vain I remonſtrated,—Aurelia was deaf
'to reaſon, and awake only to pleaſure;—like a bird
'releaſed from the captivity of a cage, no ſooner did
'ſhe emerge from her nurſery, than ſhe broke at once
'thro' all reſtraint, and diſcovered, too *ſoon* for my
'happineſs, and too *late* for my redreſs, that I had by
'my haſty choice, precipitated myſelf into an abyſs of
'miſery and repentance.—I found Aurelia totally un-
'informed in mind, and ignorant of any accom-
'pliſhments but of thoſe exterior ones which ſerve only
'to decorate beauty and to delude the ſenſes. Neg-
'lected by her vain mother, who, indeed, was herſelf
'incapable of improving the talent committed to her
'care, ſhe had been reſigned to the tuition of a go-
'verneſs, who taught her no ſcience but that of
'worldly pleaſure; and Aurelia, rendered thus perfect
'in its theory, only wanted the *opportunity* to practice
'the eaſy leſſons which ſhe had imbibed. She vied
'with her mother and the Counteſs in every ap-
'pendage of faſhion, and followed the extravagant
'example which they exhibited daily, uncontrouled
'by the leaſt idea of œconomy. The Counteſs and
'Lady Aimwell had gained a total aſcendency over
'this young and weak mind, which, from the errors
'of education, was devoid of that rectitude of ſen-
'timent

'timent, which ought to be early implanted in the 'heart. I ſighed in ſilent regret as I viewed this 'beauteous child of folly, whom I could have no chance 'of retrieving from deluſion, till I could remove her 'from ſo fatal a ſituation, e're the noxious weeds of 'vice ſhould have taken root in her mind. Finding it 'in vain to contend, I looked forward to the ap-'proaching Summer, as the period, when all my re-'maining hopes of happineſs were to be renewed.

'The Counteſs had undertaken to *beſpeak* our 'equipage, and I ſoon found myſelf in the poſſeſſion 'of a fine coach and chariot, which were to be ex-'hibited on our public appearance at Dublin.

'A moſt elegant chair, likewiſe, was prepared for 'my wife, whoſe dreſs, upon her introduction at the 'Caſtle, was brilliant, as the anniverſary of the 'Queen's birth-day gave her the agreeable priviledge 'of laying aſide the mourning, which ſhe could not 'avoid wearing for my mother. The jewels of the late 'Counteſs having become, at her death, the property 'of my brother, I reſigned them into his hands, who 'had them immediately new ſet for his lady;—ſhe at 'the ſame time *extorted* from me an order to the jew-'eller, to make ſome ear-ings, a neck-lace, and pins

'for

'for her new ſiſter, as ſhe *declared*, no woman of 'quality could diſpenſe with ſuch ornaments on her 'firſt appearance. Thus was I loaded with ex-'penſes, which ill ſuited my finances, as I had no 'command of ready money, and had actually received 'no fortune with Miſs Aimwell, but had depended on 'a verbal promiſe from her father, of ſome thouſands 'at his death. The *delirium of love*, for the firſt four 'months of our marriage had obſcured my reaſon, 'and deluded my ſenſes, but when my eyes were open 'to my ſituation, I felt all its ſorrows in full force. 'I endeavoured to make ſome impreſſion on the mind 'of Aurelia, by repreſenting my fortune as inadequate 'to the ſtyle of life in which we were engaged, and by 'entreating her to wean herſelf from that propenſity 'to extravagance, which would involve us in dif-'ficulties. She replied, ſcornfully, that ſhe ſhould 'never deſcend from the dignity of her birth, to limit 'the expenſes to which her rank entitled her. It 'would be uſeleſs, as well as tedious, Mr. RANGER, 'to enumerate the follies of my wife, and the debts 'which her unlimited profuſeneſs heaped upon me. 'Our doors were thrown open to a polite and bril-'liant *mob*, many of whom bore the exterior *titles* of 'diſtinction, while the *conduct* of *their lives* diſclaimed 'all pretenſions to thoſe true ſentiments of honour

'which

'which *adorn nobility* and *exalt mediocrity*, to an *equality* 'with the higheſt rank: Faro and its hideous train 'had free acceſs to every aſſembly; my incorrigible 'wife became one of its *devoted victims*, and I found 'it impoſſible to ſtand againſt the torrent of expenſe 'which began to overwhelm me.

'I very unwillingly determined to diſcloſe to the 'Earl the danger of my ſituation, and the de- 'rangement my circumſtances were now involved in 'by my preſent expenſive mode of life. He *coldly* 'replied, that I had been to blame to *enter* into it, as 'my fortune was inadequate; and he recommended me 'to return to England, and to ſell a ſufficient part of 'my eſtate to defray my expenſes in Ireland. I fol- 'lowed his advice, made immediate preparations to 'quit a country where all my hopes of happineſs had 'been fatally blaſted; and informed Aurelia that it was 'abſolutely neceſſary to viſit my native land. She 'was thunderſtruck at the determined tone in which 'I addreſſed her, and deigned not to anſwer me, but 'flew to her mother and the Counteſs, to implore all 'their influence to change my purpoſe; but they no 'ſooner were informed by my brother, of the ſtate of 'my affairs, than they united in his wiſhes for our 'quitting a ſpot, where they had contributed to reduce

'me

'me to difficulties, from which they had no *intention* 'to *extricate* me. Thus obliged to ſubmit to neceſſity, 'the fair and fatal cauſe of my misfortunes re- 'luctantly conſented to accompany me to England, 'where, on a review of my debts I found they 'amounted to *ten thouſand pounds*; this reduced my 'eſtate to fifteen hundred a year, upon which I could 'have lived in the country with contented œconomy, 'had the partner of my fate been of a diſpoſition ſimilar 'to my own, but, alas, ſhe was incapable of re- 'ceiving or imparting happineſs in the ſcenes of 'private life. After having preſented me with a ſon, 'the retirement of our ſituation threw her ſpirits into 'a ſtate of ſuch conſtant regret for paſt pleaſures, 'that a rapid decline threatened to ſhorten the date 'of her dull exiſtence. Though her conduct little 'merited my affection, I could not but regard her 'with the eyes of tender pity, ſtill anxious to with- 'draw her from the path of error, and to reclaim 'her from the fatal prejudice of education. I ac- 'companied her to Briſtol, where ſhe ſoon began '(with the united aſſiſtance of the waters, her youth 'and natural conſtitution) to recover the loſt bloom 'of health. She there unfortunately met with ſome 'of thoſe gay aſſociates with whom ſhe had been 'intimate in Ireland. They tempted her to follow

'them

'them for a few days to Bath, I could not reſiſt her 'entreaties, upon her promiſing with a complacent 'gentleneſs, which ſhe had but lately aſſumed, to attend 'me unreluctantly to our country retirement, after 'paſſing *one week* at Bath.—*That week* proved *fatal!* 'it introduced Aurelia to a ſociety dangerous to her 'inſatiate love of pleaſure.—She plunged *once more* 'into diſſipation, and entered deeply into gaming:— 'While I was confined to my lodging with a diſ-'located bone, inſtead of paying me thoſe attentions 'which I had beſtowed on her, at Briſtol, ſhe took 'the opportunity to launch out in every ſpecies of 'extravagance, and I found myſelf *again* involved in 'the debts which ſhe not only wantonly contracted 'for ornamental dreſs, but for thoſe immenſe ſums 'ſhe loſt at play. To cut ſhort my ſad narrative, 'ſhe *completely ruined me*; and what is more dreadful, 'ſhe not only ſacrificed my fortune, but her own 'honour and character, by a violation of every ſacred 'tie, which had bound her to a huſband, whoſe in-'jured arms ſhe *left*, for thoſe of a *ſeducer*, with whom 'ſhe now leads a *life of infamy!* while I, reduced, 'by her exceſſes, to take refuge from the public eye 'within the confines of the Marſhalſea, have 'leiſure to reflect with all the bitterneſs of ſelf-re-'proach, upon the *falſe ſtep* I made in *marriage*; and

'the

'the irretrievable consequences, in which I have not
'only involved *myself* but an *innocent infant*, who must
'become the victim of his *father's weakness*, and of his
'*mother's folly*.

'I am, SIR,

'Your unfortunate but obedient servant,

'HENRY HEARTSINK.'

C.

NUMBER XXIII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1794.

"*Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum,*
"*Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.*"

(HORAT.)

"*Yet with ſure ſteps, though lame and ſlow,*
"*Juſtice o'ertakes the trembling villain's ſpeed.*"

(FRANCIS.)

THOSE perſonages, who form the ſubject of the following pages, though long ſince mouldered into duſt, muſt preſent, in the recital of their hiſtory, a ſtriking inſtance to the reader, of the puniſhment attendant on vice, and the rewards which follow virtue.

In one of the ſmall villages, with which the ſouth of France abounds, lived a peaſant, whoſe only wealth

conſiſted in thoſe mental poſſeſſions which adorn greatneſs, and dignify poverty. He had acquired, by the integrity of his heart, and the honeſty of his principles, the eſteem of all his neighbours, and the approbation of the maſter, whom he long had ſerved in the capacity of under bailiff. He gained an honeſt livelihood by indefatigable induſtry, and in his hours of leiſure he delighted in the diſcharge of his parental duty, by cultivating the native graces of an only child. Emma, at the age of eighteen, was lovely in her perſon, gentle in her manners, and virtuous in her principles.—Their cottage was the ſcene of ruſtic peace, and their little garden a bower of intermingled ſweets. Bernard had long ſerved with fidelity and zeal, the Marquis of Clairville, who poſſeſſed a ſumptuous chateau, and extenſive domains in the neighbourhood.—Juſtice, generoſity, and innate excellence of heart, were his characteriſtics; and he was the idol of the ſurrounding country, as well as of all thoſe, who were happy in his acquaintance. The innocent Emma aſſiſted her father's honeſt toils, by employing herſelf in ſpinning and netting, which contributed to acquire thoſe comforts, that rendered them happy and contented.

The duty and affection of Emma was unparallelled: Oft would ſhe climb the verdant ſteep, or wander

in

in the ſilent vale, to wait the return of her father from his daily labours, when the evening ſun caſt its faint gleams upon the ſummer ſcene. Sometimes ſeated by this venerable ſire, ſhe diſcourſed with him on the virtues of her departed mother, whom fate had ſummoned from the world in the early infancy of her daughter; and they ſhed the mutual tears of genuine ſorrow and regret to her loved memory. Sometimes in the ſeaſons of feſtivity, Emma would join in the rural dance with the villagers, or chant her melodious notes to the ſoft flutes of the youthful peaſants.

" *How often has ſhe bleſſed the coming day,*
" *When toil relenting, lent its turn to play,*
" *And all the village train from labour free,*
" *Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree,*
" *While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,*
" *The young contending, while the old ſurvey'd.*

(GOLDSMITH.)

Such was the life led by Emma and her father; though fortune enriched them not with her golden ſtores, peace and conſcious innocence ſmiled in each countenance, and beſtowed on them that undiſturbed happineſs, which ſeldom viſits the gilded roofs of gorgeous palaces. But they were too ſoon deſtined to experience a fatal calamity, in the death of the Marquis de Clairville, whoſe loſs was univerſally la-

mented. For ſome days after his deceaſe the eyes of his tenants and dependents ceaſed not to flow with tears of gratitude and ſorrow. At the funeral of the Marquis, conducted with all the pomp due to his rank and diſtinguiſhed ſtation, the inhabitants of the ſurrounding hamlets attended; grief was imprinted on every countenance, as they followed the body in mute dejection. A young ſtranger, returning to Switzerland, from a tour, which he had taken on the continent, chanced to ſtrike out of the road as he approached near the caſtle, tempted by the beauty of the long avenues which led to it. He reached the gates juſt as the mournful proceſſion was beginning to move.—Enquiring the name of the deceaſed, one of the peaſants informed him, that in their maſter, the Marquis de Clairville, they had loſt the beſt of lords, and moſt generous of patrons; the tears which rolled down his cheeks as he ſpoke, gave evidence of his feelings: Albert diſmounted from his horſe, and giving charge of it to his ſervant, mingled with the peaſantry, and moving ſlowly arrived with them at the church, about half a mile diſtant, where the remains of Clairville were to be depoſited in the vault of his anceſtors: He placed himſelf near the grave: Before the ceremony was ended, and while a ſolemn dirge was chanting, he obſerved the mourners to fall back, and form on each ſide an opening, through which

which he beheld advancing a group of village maidens, with baſkets of flowers on their arms, which they ſtrewed in profuſion over the coffin. Albert's attention was ſoon attracted towards the loveliеſt object he had ever beheld; ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from her companions by a ſuperior elegance of mien and grace of feature,—ſhe wore a veſt of white ſtuff, fitted to her ſhape, and round her ſlender waiſt was bound a ſcarf of black gauze; a ſmall cap whiter than Alpine ſnows attempted vainly to confine her flaxen treſſes, which fell in waving ringlets on her ſhoulders, and ſtrayed over her fair forehead. When ſhe had emptied the fragrant contents of her baſket, ſhe bent on one knee upon the brink of the grave, then raiſing her tearful eyes of celeſtial blue to Heaven, ſhe ſeemed to breath a ſilent prayer for the ſoul of the departed Marquis; then accompanied by the village maidens, ſhe retired from the ſpot, paſſing through the vacancy which again was formed for them. Albert followed the ſweet mourner, who, bidding adieu to her aſſociates, moved down the church, looking around with anxious eyes, as if in queſt of ſome object intereſting to her affections: Suddenly ſhe ſprang towards a venerable old man, who was tottering to the porch, and throwing around him her fair arms, ſhe ſupported him to a ſeat, where, placing herſelf by him, they paſſed ſome moments in the eloquent ſilence of un-

affected grief. Never had Albert beheld ſo beautiful a picture.—It was Emma,—who ſupported on her boſom the ſilver head of Bernard, while from her eyes, tear after tear, in quick ſucceſſion dropped on his furrowed cheek!—The ſtranger reſpected too much their mutual grief to interrupt it, and perceiving the funeral train returning from the grave, he accoſted one of the peaſants who was neareſt to him, and eagerly enquired the name of the maiden who ſeemed to lead the young group that ſtrewed flowers at the grave: The peaſant gave Albert every information, which he deſired, and as the day was declining faſt, he offered the traveller a bed at his cottage, which being contiguous to that of Bernard, proved a temptation not to be reſiſted. Honeſt Pierot led Albert a ſhort cut through ſome fields, and after having recommended his gueſt to the attentions of his wife, he haſtened to the caſtle gates, in queſt of the ſervant whom Albert had ordered to wait there his return. In this humble but neat dwelling, the young ſtranger determined to reſide ſome days, under pretence of exploring, at his leiſure, the extenſive domains of the caſtle, but in reality to introduce himſelf to the lovely Emma and her father. The impreſſion, which her artleſs beauty had made on his heart, was of ſo ſerious a nature, that he indulged the hopes of making her his wife, if he found, on acquaintance, her mind as charming

charming as her perſon, and ſhe would accept his proffered vows.

We muſt make a ſhort digreſſion while we return to the ſtate of the family affairs of the late Marquis, for ſome years previous to his deceaſe. He had been married late in life, to an amiable and accompliſhed woman, by whom he had an only ſon: having paſſed the winter at Paris, he was unexpectedly called away to attend ſome important buſineſs at Clairville-Caſtle: he ſet off immediately, leaving his lady and infant ſon, then about three years old, to follow. After the fatigues of a buſy day, on the evening that he expected the Marchioneſs to arrive, he was waiting her approach upon a terrace which commanded his fine park: As his anxious eyes were turned towards the grand avenue, which led to the Caſtle, he perceived one of the domeſtics who had been left to attend her, advancing, with as much ſpeed as the tired ſtate of his horſe would allow: The Marquis haſtened towards him to receive tidings of his beloved wife, but what were his ſenſations, when the ſervant informed him that the carriage of the Marchioneſs and her retinue had been attacked by an armed banditti, who ruſhed out of a wood about a league diſtant from the Caſtle: The attendants who were likewiſe armed, ſurrounded the carriage, and for ſome time made a ſtout reſiſtance,

but

but he had every reaſon to fear that overpowered by numbers, they had ſcarce a chance of defending their miſtreſs from the fury of theſe aſſaſſins, and in all probability they had fallen victims with her to the murderous ſwords of their aſſailants. The meſſenger of theſe dreadful tidings, had been tempted by an early flight to eſcape to the Caſtle, impelled by the feeble hope of gaining them ſome aſſiſtance, but the road being ſolitary which led to the Chateau, he had met no human being on his way. The Marquis loſt no time in uſeleſs lamentations, but inſtantly arming himſelf and ſeveral of his brave domeſtics, who were ready to encounter any danger for ſo beloved a maſter, they mounted their horſes, and in a ſhort ſpace of time reached the fatal ſpot: They here found a ſpectacle of horror, the mangled bodies of the ſervants lay proſtrate and lifeleſs round the carriage, in which the murdered Marchioneſs and her two women remained, with wounds yet bleeding!—In the midſt of this deſolation, the Marquis ſought in vain his infant ſon, whoſe abſence inſpired, amidſt his ſorrows, a ſecret and preſaging hope that he had been either reſcued or preſerved: He placed himſelf and his followers in ambuſcade in the wood for the remainder of the day, with a view to ſurpriſe the villains ſhould they return at night, and either revenge this horrid maſſacre or fall in the attempt;—his hopes were vain, the wretches, ſated with their bloody deeds,

approached

approached no more the fatal ſpot. Early on the enſuing morning, they began to remove the ſlaughtered victims; they had been joined by all the neighbouring villagers, who aſſiſted in the ſad office. As they were raiſing ſome of the lifeleſs attendants, they were ſtartled by a groan from one of the bodies; on an immediate ſearch, they found a dying ſtranger, whom they concluded to be one of the banditti, who had fallen by the hands of the domeſtics, during the conteſt; and who had probably, from being concealed under ſeveral dead bodies, eſcaped the recollection of the villains.—They raiſed and ſupported the wounded wretch, hoping, if he recovered, by the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon who had followed the Marquis, by his orders, to this ſcene of death, and had in vain attempted to reſtore the Marchioneſs and her unfortunate ſuite, they might obtain information of the fate of the young Marquis.

He ſeemed to revive a little by an effect which the attention had upon him. The Marquis aſſiſted in ſupporting him, while the ſurgeon poured a cordial down his throat.—His faculties in ſome degree appeared to return, he gazed on the Marquis and attempted to ſpeak, but in vain.—Clairville then addreſſed him thus, "I conjure thee, by thy hopes of "mercy here and hereafter, tell me, if thou haſt "power to ſpeak, *where* is my ſon?—*does* he ſurvive?

"Anſwer

"Anſwer *that* queſtion only for the preſent, and I "will wait the event of thy recovery for further "information."

The dying man, made repeated efforts to articulate, but for ſome moments he remained ſpeechleſs: at length he faintly uttered, "young Clairville lives." He could no more,—the exertion overcame him, and ſucceſſive convulſions ſeizing his whole frame, he expired in agonies.

This confeſſion, in the midſt of ſo ſevere an affliction, long kept alive in the boſom of the Marquis, ſome feeble embers of expiring hope: he returned to his ſolitary Caſtle, ſo late the ſcene of all his happineſs, where he ſhut himſelf up for ſeveral days, to give vent to the firſt emotions of his juſt ſorrows.—The ſuſpenſe, which he yet endured, relative to his ſon's deſtiny, had ſuch an effect upon his ſpirits, that he determined to retire wholly from the world, and to deplore, in the ſolitude of his caſtle, the misfortunes of his family: But he did not ſo much yield to the impreſſions of grief, as to be regardleſs of his tenants and dependents: his generous nature would not permit him to be unmindful of their intereſts; they had long been the objects of his bounty, they now became the children of his adoption: and loſt to domeſtic felicity,

felicity, he centered all his remaining conſolation, in diſpenſing happineſs to all around him. Years, followed years, in this manner; every ſearch after his beloved ſon had been fruitleſs, and he had long ceaſed to indulge the flattering proſpect, which he had at firſt entertained, of recovering his loſt treaſure; and though his pious reſignation, permitted him not to murmur at the decrees of Providence, yet no ray of hope cheared his declining age.

He beheld death approaching with that ſecret ſatisfaction, which anticipated a bleſt reunion with thoſe dear objects, who had already, ſo long partaken of the rewards of innocence and virtue. — On the deceaſe of the Marquis, his eſtates devolved by inheritance, on the Baron of Morenzi, who was of a character haughty, cruel, and revengeful; — whoſe reaſon and actions were ſubſervient to his paſſions,— and who ſcrupled not at the commiſſion of any exceſs, to gratify his ambition, his avarice, or his ſenſuality.

Over theſe vices he had by art and cunning, drawn a veil, which impoſed on ſtrangers; and to unfold which, a conſiderable ſhare of ſagacity and penetration was requiſite: on thoſe whom his heart ſecretly deteſted, he could ſmile with eaſe. A character

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ſo hypocritical, could not fail of becoming the averſion of the adjacent country: for however, the deceiver may conceal his vices, in the formalities of courts and public life, they will always appear in their true light, to thoſe, to whom they are objects of neither fear, nor regard. His new vaſſals and dependents, received a ſpecimen of that treatment, which they were in future to expect, from the firſt moment of his arrival at his new abode.

They had collected together in the court of the Caſtle, to celebrate his approach. "Wherefore," ſaid he, as he deſcended from his carriage, "are you "aſſembled here with gloomy faces and ſable ha-"biliments?—Is this the welcome you give your "new Lord?—I think you might have ſpared "theſe trappings of woe for a departed maſter, to "wait with joy the commands of his ſucceſſor." An univerſal ſilence ſucceeded this ungracious harangue, which ſo exaſperated the Baron, who expected to be received with acclamations of pleaſure, that he broke forth in the following words: "Depart, "you minions of that indolent ſupineneſs, which "marked the character of him whom you mourn in "vain;—quit my Caſtle, and if you have any buſineſs "to tranſact, I refer you to my ſteward, who has "attended me hither, and who will impart to you

"my

" my commands." Awed and ſhocked to ſilence, the humble train retired from the preſence of a man, whoſe dominion over them, promiſed nothing but the exertion of tyranny and oppreſſion. In a day or two after his arrival, the ſyſtem of affairs was entirely changed:—The old ſteward was diſcarded, and his place ſupplied by a man, who had gained the confidence of the baron by the abject ſervility of his flattery.

The faithful ſervants were diſcharged, and ſucceeded by others, who had been the inſtruments of his vices. Bernard only, and a few more, who from the meanneſs of their ſituations had eſcaped his notice, were ſtill permitted to occupy their ſeveral departments. Inſtead of the condeſcenſion, with which their late Lord had treated all around him, the new maſter of theſe domains, kept them at an awful diſtance; and never permitted the plaints of poverty to reach his ear, or the groans of oppreſſion to plead for mercy: ſuffering virtue never obtained redreſs from his compaſſion, nor innocence from his juſtice. He had lived a life of luxury and debauchery, which had involved his private fortune in difficulties, from which his great acquiſition was calculated to extricate him: A multitude of importunate creditors, diſturbed the

the firſt moments of his ſmiling fortune; and inſtead of appropriating to the payment of his debts, a part of the princely revenue, the enjoyment of which he ſo little merited, ſuch was his mean avarice, that he immediately devoted to the axe, ſome lofty rows of venerable trees, for many ſucceſſive centuries the greateſt pride and ornament of the Caſtle of Clairville.

(To be continued.)

O.

NUMBER XXIV.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1794.

"*Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum,*
"*Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.*"

(HORAT.)

"*Yet with ſure ſteps, though lame and ſlow,*
"*Juſtice o'ertakes the trembling villain's ſpeed.*"

(FRANCIS.)

WE will now finiſh our digreſſion and return to Albert, who ſoon gained that introduction, at the cottage of Bernard, which he ſo anxiouſly ſought, and by frequenting the ſociety of this worthy old man, he had daily opportunities of ſeeing and converſing with his lovely daughter.—Powerfully charmed at firſt ſight by her perſonal attractions, he now found, on acquaintance,

an irreſiſtible faſcination in the ſuperiour beauties of her mind. Nature had formed her ſentiments juſt, delicate, and virtuous, and her education had for two years received great advantage from a frequent intercourſe with a lady of birth and diſtinguiſhed talents, who had, on the deceaſe of her huſband, retired into a ſmall habitation, ſituated in a vale near Bernard's cottage: This amiable widow had lived many years in the great world, and had partaken both of its proſperity and adverſity, ſufficiently to ſhew her the inſtability of fortune: With her beloved Lord, ſhe had loſt the ſuperfluities of life; but ſatisfied with competence, ſhe devoted the remainder of her days to ſolitude and religion.

She conceived for the young Emma, then juſt fifteen, a ſtrong attachment, and eaſily obtained Bernard's permiſſion for his daughter's frequent viſits. The good woman delighted in cultivating a mind whoſe capacity and genius promiſed every ſucceſs: Emma read aloud for hours, uninterruptedly, to her kind patroneſs, and read with an attention, that impreſſed upon her memory every thing worthy to be retained; and the ſubjects were conſtantly calculated to improve the morals and enlarge the underſtanding. At the end of two years, death ſtopped the progreſs of Emma's education, by ſuddenly depriving her of this

moſt

moſt excellent friend; her little income reverted to the family of her huſband, and ſhe had nothing to leave the child of her adoption, but the ſimple furniture of her little dwelling. Emma mourned with affectionate regret, a loſs ſo great, but determined to perſevere in thoſe ſtudies, for which ſhe had acquired ſo correct a taſte, and which ſhe was happily enabled to do, by becoming the poſſeſſor of the valuable and ſelect collection of books, which formed the ſmall library of the deceaſed. By riſing very early in the morning, Emma was enabled to purſue her favorite employment, without treſpaſſing on thoſe hours, when her filial duties or domeſtic cares demanded her attention.

Young Albert ſoon diſcovered in the converſation of Bernard's lovely daughter, a well informed mind, and an underſtanding which blended the artleſs ſimplicity of rural life, with the more refined ſentiments of cultivated education.

The mental accompliſhments of Emma, completed the conqueſt which her beauty had began, in the heart of Albert; nor was it long e're a reciprocal and gentle flame was communicated to her boſom. The young and ardent lover, in the firſt flattering moment of aſpiring hope, declared his paſſion, and offered at her feet his honorable vows: She bluſhed modeſtly, and

referred her aſſent to her father's will. The heart of Bernard, at this unexpected propoſal, felt all a father's rapture, but the ſtrict rectitude of his ſentiments checked the momentary joy, and with that honeſt ſincerity which marked his character, he declined ſo unequal an alliance, and repreſented to his young friend the impropriety of his forming any union unſanctioned by his family. "Accept our gratitude," ſaid Bernard, "for the honor which you intend us; were you leſs "diſtinguiſhed by rank and fortune, I ſhould be proud "to call you ſon: Emma's only dower is virtue, and "her birth is too humble for her to become your wife. "Never ſhall falſe vanity nor ſordid intereſt, betray me "to an action at which my conſcience would revolt. I "will ſtill be worthy your eſteem, and the child "whom you have honored with your love ſhall "merit, at leaſt by her conduct, the rank to which "you would generouſly raiſe her:—But you muſt "meet no more,—this is the ſtern decree of unſullied "virtue and irreproachable honor. Return to your "native country, with every wiſh that grateful friend-"ſhip can beſtow." Albert had liſtened in ſilent admiration to the words of Emma's venerable father; —when Bernard ceaſed to ſpeak, he thus replied, "Could I offer a diadem to your incomparable "daughter, ſhe would, by accepting it, confer, and "not receive the honor. I would not have preſumed

to

"to ſolicit her affections or her hand, could I have "admitted a doubt of my father's approbation of a "choice directed by reaſon and ſanctioned by virtue. "I will renew no more my humble ſuit till *authorized* "by him to *demand* the hand of Emma: Farewell! "my return hither ſhall be as rapid as the impatience "of love and hope can render it." Thus ſeparated the venerable Bernard and the youthful Albert; nor could all the moving rhetoric of the latter prevail upon the father of Emma to permit a parting ſcene between the lovers. He wiſely thought the impaſſioned adieu of Albert might leave an impreſſion too tender on the heart of Emma, and which, as he foreſaw, would endanger her peace of mind, if indulged; he therefore determined to uſe every argument, which could baniſh the flatterer hope from her boſom.

Bernard returned not to his cottage till Albert had quitted the village; when he entered, Emma advanced to meet him, her eyes ſurcharged with tears; ſhe preſented him with a letter which Albert, retiring to write for a few moments before he mounted his horſe, had ordered his ſervant to leave as he paſſed the door. It breathed the language of eternal love, and aſſured her, that as he quitted her only to accelerate their union, ſhe might ſoon expect his return to claim her promiſed

hand: Bernard folding up the letter when he had read it, and putting it in his pocket, thus addreſſed his trembling daughter, who waited ſilently her fate, "Beware, my child, how you ſuffer your heart to "betray your happineſs; truſt not to the proteſtations "of a lover: An inconſiderate vow is more fre-"quently broken than kept.—You may be the pre-"ſent object of Albert's affections, but man, by "nature inconſtant, can eaſily transfer his heart to "ſucceſſive objects. The world will, probably, ſoon "efface you from his remembrance; or ſhould he "even ſtill retain his faith unſhaken, can you flatter "yourſelf that his family will admit into their ſociety "an humble villager, whoſe lowly birth they would "proudly deem unworthy their alliance?—Never "ſhall my Emma's hand be united to a huſband un-"ſanctioned by the authority of his parents.—Make, "therefore, every effort, my beloved child, to "conquer a prepoſſeſſion fatal in its tendency, and "hopeleſs in its effects. You have never yet de-"ceived me, and I have that confidence in your diſ-"cretion, which perſuades me you will not deviate "from the path of rectitude; nor by a clandeſtine "conduct, act unworthy of your own ſpotleſs cha-"racter." Emma ſunk at the feet of her venerable ſire, and embracing his knees, "Never, never," exclaimed ſhe, while tears rolled down her pale cheeks,

cheeks, "ſhall your child wander from the path of "honour!—You ſhall guide and direct all her actions, "your counſels ſhall fortify the weakneſs of her "heart, and aſſiſt her to ſubdue every ſentiment diſ- "approved by you;—and if ſhe cannot immediately "forget the conſpicuous virtues of her loſt Albert, at "leaſt, ſhe will humble her ambitious hopes, which "had the preſumption to ſoar above her obſcure "birth, and aſpire to an alliance to which ſhe had no "pretenſions, but what the deluſive voice of love "and Albert awakened in her boſom." Bernard folded her in his arms with all a father's fond delight; and applauded the ſentiments, which flowed from a heart capable of ſacrificing every inclination to that duty, which ſhe owed him. Emma poſſeſſed a ſtrength of mind ſuperiour to her years, and though ſhe tried in vain to forget an object ſo tenderly beloved, ſhe ſo far reaſoned herſelf into a perſuaſion that the friends of Albert would never conſent to their marriage, without which ſhe was reſolutely determined never to accept his hand, that ſhe renounced every idea of being united to him, and baniſhed the ſeducing hope of beholding him again.

Whilſt Emma was thus meritoriouſly ſubmitting to the rigid laws of filial duty, fate was haſtening to involve her in a ſnare more dangerous than that, which

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ſhe had ſo nobly overcome: As ſhe was ſpinning, one ſultry day, in a bower of honey-ſuckles, near the gate of their little cottage, accompanied by one of her young female neighbours, the Baron de Morenzi paſſed by, on horſeback, and caſting his eyes on the fair Emma, was ſo ſtruck with her beauty, that he ſuddenly ſtopped, and diſmounting approached the wicket; taking off his hat, he complained of a dizzineſs in his head, for which he politely requeſted a glaſs of water: Emma aroſe, and tripping into the houſe, quickly returned with a chryſtal draught, which ſhe preſented to him with a native grace that accompanied all her motions. He had, during her ſhort abſence, informed himſelf that ſhe was the daughter of Bernard, who ſerved him as under-bailiff. He accepted the cup from her hand, and while he ſwallowed the contents he drank at the ſame time, from her bewitching eyes a draught, which ſpread an irreſiſtible poiſon thro' his veins. The Baron was indebted to nature for a fine perſon, and to art, for that impoſing elegance of addreſs, which ſeldom failed to inſinuate his wiſhes with ſucceſs, when the dominion of a tender paſſion tempted him to gloſs over his haughty demeanour with diſſembled condeſcenſion. Juſt as he was returning the cup to the lovely Emma, who ſtood to receive it, with her looks bent upon the ground, to avoid the fixed gaze of his penetrating eyes,

Bernard

Bernard ſuddenly appeared, and afforded his daughter an opportunity to retire into the cottage.

The good old bailiff accoſted his Lord with a reſpect, which while it acknowledged his ſuperiority as a maſter, was unmixed with that kind of ſervile humility, which demeans the dignity of man. He had never before attracted the notice of the Baron, who forgetting the diſtance, which birth and fortune had placed between them, recollected only that he was the father of Emma, and might, perhaps, aſſiſt him in the views, which he had formed to corrupt her virtue: Accoſting him therefore with kind familiarity, he requeſted that he might take a ſurvey of his little dwelling, which he ſhould be welcome to exchange for one more convenient and comfortable. "My Lord," replied Bernard, "in this humble "dwelling my infant eyes firſt opened, and here I "would wiſh to cloſe their aged lids."

"But," interrupted the Baron, "you begin to "bow under the weight of years, and ſtand in need "of reſt and indulgence; I ſhall feel a true ſatiſ-"faction in rendering your latter days happy." — "Permit me to aſſure you," ſaid Bernard, "that a "life of honeſt induſtry, and uncorrupted innocence, "has already inſured to me that happineſs in its "cloſing

" cloſing ſcene, which an irreproachable conſcience " only can beſtow, but which riches can never " give." " You have a daughter, however," interrupted the Baron, ſmiling, " too young to have " adopted your ſtoical ideas." " I have a daughter," retorted Bernard, " who inherits her mother's virtue, " and has been taught by precept and example thoſe " ſentiments, which have rendered her too contented " in her ſituation, to harbour an ambitious wiſh in " her boſom." The Baron reddened at theſe words, but commanding, for his own ſecret purpoſes, the riſing indignation of his mind, he condeſcendingly bid the venerable Bernard adieu: ſaying, that he ſtill hoped, mature reflection would induce him to accept the favours which he was anxious to confer upon a man, whoſe reſpectable character, and long life of unſullied virtue, claimed a ſingular reward.

So ſaying he mounted his horſe, and returned to the Caſtle, revolving in his mind, every practicable ſcheme for the ſeduction of the devoted Emma. He reflected that he never had beheld a female half ſo lovely; and as he on no occaſion had accuſtomed himſelf to combat his inclinations, or ſubdue his paſſions, he reſolved to loſe no time in accompliſhing his deſign. The humble ſituation of Emma, gave him in his opinion, an uncontrouled right to her ſubmiſſion;

miſſion; but he was ſolicitous, if poſſible, to gain an aſcendency over her heart, by awakening with her gratitude tenderer ſentiments; for this purpoſe he determined to wear the maſk of hypocriſy a little longer, and then to attempt, by every art of ſoft deception, to ſecure her affections in his favour. A week elapſed after the Baron's viſit at the cottage, without any renewal of his great offers; a circumſtance that contributed to diſpel thoſe fears, which had been awakened in the boſom of Bernard, by the interview of the Baron with Emma, and his generous profeſſions of friendſhip to himſelf,—*profeſſions*, ſo oppoſite to the natural ferocity of his temper: Bernard conſidered them no longer in any light, but in that of a temporary inclination towards humanity and kindneſs, which could have no root in a ſoil ſo barren. He purſued therefore, without further ſuſpicion, his uſual labours; taking however, the precaution never to leave his daughter without a companion, in his abſence.

One morning when he had quitted the cottage about an hour, a haſty meſſenger from the Caſtle terrified Emma with an account that her father was taken with a ſudden indiſpoſition as he paſſed the gates; and having been ſupported into the houſe by ſome of the domeſtics, who obſerved him ſinking on the ground, the Houſe-keeper had thought it proper

proper to ſend for his daughter, who, by being accuſtomed perhaps to theſe ſeizures, knew beſt how to treat them. The trembling Emma, alarmed to the utmoſt degree at a diſorder, which had never yet attacked her beloved father, delayed not a moment to follow her conductor; and taking the arm of her friend Agnes, who had been liſtening to her as ſhe was reading aloud, proceeded with tottering ſteps to the Caſtle, diſtant from her humble cottage about a mile. — When ſhe arrived in the great hall, ſhe met with a female of a reſpectable appearance, and of an advanced age: She eagerly enquired after her father, and earneſtly requeſted to be permitted to ſee him. The Houſe-keeper anſwered Emma, with the appearance of much ſenſibility, that Bernard was ſo perfectly recovered, by a cordial which ſhe had adminiſtered, that he had returned to his daily occupation, ignorant that his illneſs could have reached his daughter's ears. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the innocent Emma, "O, Madam, accept my hum-
"ble gratitude for your kind care, and ſuffer one of
"the domeſtics to direct me to the ſpot where I
"may find my dear father; I will watch by his ſide
"during the labours of the day, or attend him to
"our cottage, if he will permit me to lead him
"thither."

"Be

" Be no longer anxious, my lovely child," replied the Matron, " your father will be here at the hour " when the turret bell ſhall call the family to dinner; " he promiſed to meet my Lord's ſteward, to receive " ſome orders from the Baron." The unſuſpecting Emma, thanked her kind informer, and was departing, but preſſed condeſcendingly to continue there till the return of Bernard, and in the interval, to take a ſurvey of the apartments in the Caſtle, in ſome of which alterations were making, ſhe conſented to wait her father's return: While her obliging guide was leading her into a large ſaloon, ſhe turned round to ſeek for Agnes, whom till that inſtant, ſhe imagined to have been ſtill near her ſide. She expreſſed ſome anxiety at her abſence, to the Houſe-keeper, who obſerved, that her friend had remained in the firſt Hall, and immediately ſent a woman, then deſcending a ſtair-caſe, to eſcort her to them: Emma in the mean time, purſued the ſteps of her conductreſs, who having paſſed ſeveral ſtate apartments, opened a door that led to a library, and which ſhe had no ſooner entered, and directed the attention of Emma to a fine portrait of the late Marchioneſs de Clairville, that hung over the chimney, than ſhe diſappeared.— Emma for ſome moments, was loſt in contemplating the angelic countenance of a woman, whoſe ſad fate ſhe had heard ſo frequently and ſo tenderly deplored, when

when ſhe was ſuddenly rouſed from theſe melancholy reflections, by the opening of a glaſs door, which led to a colonade filled with exotic plants. If ſhe felt embarraſſed by the appearance of the Baron, who entered from thence into the library, what were her ſenſations, when on making an immediate attempt to quit it herſelf, ſhe found the door of the apartment locked, and beheld the Baron de Morenzi at her feet, in an attitude of reſpectful tenderneſs.

(To be continued.)

O.

NUMBER XXV.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1794.

" *Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum,*
" *Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.*"

(HORAT.)

" *Yet with ſure ſteps, though lame and ſlow,*
" *Juſtice o'ertakes the trembling villain's ſpeed.*"

(FRANCIS.)

THE confuſion and ſurpriſe of Emma, at the humble poſture of the Baron, could only be heightened by his addreſs. She had inſtantly retreated a few paces from the door which ſhe had vainly attempted to open, and ſupported herſelf with difficulty againſt a bookcaſe. "Be not alarmed, charming Emma," ſaid the Baron, in a voice of aſſumed ſoftneſs, "you ſee

" before you a man, who, 'till he beheld your in-
" comparable beauty, never completely loſt his liberty.
" Regard me no longer as the maſter of your father,
" but as the ſlave and lover of his daughter, and who
" only waits her commands to ſhew by his obedience
" the truth and generoſity of his ſentiments." During this ſpeech, Emma's gentle frame was agitated by a variety of inexpreſſible emotions:—Amazement, fear, and indignation prevented her interrupting the Baron; but when, on his riſing and advancing to her at the cloſe of his ſpeech, he attempted to take her hand, " My Lord," ſaid ſhe, ſhrinking from his touch, " you muſt permit me to aſſure you, that I have no " wiſh but to return to my father;—in his cottage all " my ideas of happineſs are centered. Condeſcend " to open this door, or to admit my departure through " that colonnade;—my intruſion here was entirely " owing to Madame de Chalons, who propoſed to " ſhew me the Caſtle." " How much indebted am " I then to her," replied the Baron, " for this inter-" view, which gives me an opportunity to unfold the " ſentiments of a heart devoted to you alone.—No " longer ſhall ſuch beauty, formed to ſhine in pa-" laces, be concealed in a cottage:—Accept my af-" fections, and command my fortune."

Indignant

Indignant bluſhes dyed the cheeks of Emma, at a propoſal, which ſhe could not miſconceive, and all the pride of wounded delicacy ruſhing into her boſom, ſuſpended for a moment its natural timidity, and animated her to pronounce theſe words: "That fortune, my "Lord, from which you aſſume the priviledge thus "to inſult the daughter of a peaſant, can neither "dazzle my vanity, nor tempt my ambition; my "humble birth inſpires in me no pride, but that of "virtue, and the poſſeſſion of no dignity, but that of "conſcious innocence. Allow me to retire, my "Lord, my father doubtleſs wonders at my abſence." "Your father, froward beauty, waits my pleaſure in "the Caſtle," returned the Baron, with a look of anger, "your compliance or rejection of my ge-"nerous offers will decide his future fate:—Re-"collect, Emma, the extent of my power;—dread "my reſentment, or deſerve my gratitude,—they each "ſhall be unbounded.—If you ſhall reward my "paſſion, your father will reſide in this Caſtle, freed "from the toils of ſervitude, the witneſs and partaker "of thoſe benefits which my love ſhall heap upon you: "Receive this caſket of jewels, as a trifling earneſt "of a liberality, which ſhall know no limits."—While the Baron diſplayed the ſparkling treaſure to the eyes of the unambitious Emma, ſhe puſhed them from her with diſdain, "Once more, my Lord," ſaid

ſhe, "let me aſſure you, that I have a heart impe-
"netrable to vanity, or to any grandeur, to which the
"power of wealth could raiſe me:" "But," cried the Baron, interrupting her, ſoftening the natural ferocity of his features and gazing tenderly on her, "is your
"heart impenetrable to love, and cannot it be moved
"to yield a generous return to ſentiments ſo ſincere?
"Let me owe to mutual affection that, which you
"deny to ambition; and accept the honors which ſhall
"be offered you, as tributes due from my gratitude,
"rather than as bribes to allure your compliance."
"Never, never," replied Emma: "my heart will ever
"continue as untouched by love, as by your proffered
"gifts;—it is proof againſt every ſentiment, that
"would injure my honor and debaſe my virtue!"—
"I underſtand you, preſumptuous girl," returned the Baron, "you would raiſe your daring hopes to ſhare
"by legal ties my name and rank."—"No," exclaimed Emma, "could you ſtoop ſo low as to de-
"mand my hand in an honorable alliance, my heart
"would reject the offer, and my tongue diſclaim an
"union, which, no intreaties could induce, no au-
"thority compel, me to accept!—After this honeſt
"confeſſion, my Lord, you will ſuffer me to quit
"your preſence." The enraged Baron was now raiſed to a pitch of reſentment which baniſhed at the moment every paſſion but that of anger:—Mortified

tified pride ſtung him to the quick; and viewing her with a look of contempt, "Tis well," ſaid he, "your audacity has diſpelled the charm of beauty: "unworthy of a prepoſſeſſion, which covers me "with diſgrace; you may return to that obſcurity "and indigence, which befit the meanneſs of your "birth, and the groveling ſentiments of your ſoul." Uttering theſe words he took a key from his pocket, and throwing it on the ground left her at liberty; ſhe inſtantly ſeized the opportunity to unfaſten the door, and to eſcape; haſtening through the hall, inſtead of turning towards the offices by which ſhe had entered it, ſhe took advantage of the great door, that ſtood open, and deſcending a flight of ſteps with a celerity urged by her fears of detention, ſhe flew acroſs the court, darted through the iron gates, and gained the end of the front avenue in a few moments: She then ſtopped, for want of breath, and ſunk, almoſt ſpent, under the ſhade of a lofty elm:—Recollecting, however, that ſhe was not beyond the reach of purſuit, ſhould the enraged baron change his mind, and attempt to recall her, ſhe aroſe, and caſting an apprehenſive look towards the Caſtle, ſhe perceived her father advancing towards her with ſlow ſteps: Aſſured by his preſence, ſhe heſitated not to wait his approach; and he had no ſooner reached the ſpot, where ſhe ſtood trembling to receive him, than they claſped

each other in a ſilent embrace: but Emma, urged by the dread of a moment's delay, entreated her father to ſuſpend all interrogations till they ſhould have regained their cottage, which they had no ſooner reached, than they each gave vent to the agitations, which mutually oppreſſed them.

The ſtory of Bernard's illneſs had been a fabrication, invented merely for the purpoſe of entrapping his daughter in the ſnare laid for her. As he paſſed the Caſtle, in the morning, he had been met by Monſieur Du Val, the ſteward, and requeſted to wait there to receive the commands of his Lord, who had ſome deſigns to communicate to him, greatly to his advantage. The good old man, who never yet had formed a wiſh, beyond the ſufficiency which his humble ſtation had always allowed him, heard this circumſtance with cold indifference; but out of reſpect to the Baron, waited his pleaſure:—He was introduced into a pavilion in the garden, and requeſted not to quit it till the Baron, who propoſed to join him there, ſhould have diſmiſſed him.

He remained above two hours, in vain expectation; the ſteward at length entered, and informed him that he had liberty to depart, as the Baron's ſentiments were changed in regard to him, from the ungrateful re-

jection,

jection, which Emma had presumed to offer to proposals that did her but too much honor, and would have raised her and her family to a situation which must have rendered them the objects of envy to the surrounding peasantry. Bernard, strongly agitated, replied to this harangue, "then may I truly glory in "my child, whose steady virtue teaches her to resist "the treacherous arts of seduction, and to spurn at an "elevation, which would sink her far beneath her "lowly birth and humble education. Let me hasten "from a spot once the residence of worth and ho-"nour, but now become the scene of infamy and "shame."—"Have a care, old man," replied DuVal, "how you tempt the vengeance of your master, by "such daring language." "I fear no danger," interrupted Bernard, "but the loss of honour, and "own no real master but that power Omnipotent, "who guarding the innocent, forsakes only the "guilty!" Having thus said, he reached the lodge; the porter opened a private gate which admitted him through the avenue, where he joined, as we before related, his beloved daughter.

The enraged Baron, in the first emotions of his resentment, had been induced to banish from his presence, the woman, who had presumed to despise his offers, and reject his love. A momentary hatred took possession

poſſeſſion of his mind, but it ſoon gave place to ſofter ſentiments;—her beauty, the ſimple elegance of her form, her unſtudied graces, and even the innocence which he meditated to deſtroy, returned to his imagination, and diſappointed paſſion once more raged with greater violence than ever. In the firſt tranſports of his anger, he had commanded Du Val to diſmiſs Bernard with contempt, as an object beneath his future notice; he now ſummoned again into his preſence this truſty meſſenger, this confidential friend of all his vices. The wily minion ſoon pacified the perturbed ſpirit of his Lord, with that ſubtle flattery, which he well knew how to adminiſter; he artfully and reſpectfully ventured to blame the Baron, for ſetting at liberty the prey which he had once ſecured in his net, and adviſed him to avail himſelf of the power, that his rank gave him over his dependents, and to take by force the object of his wiſhes from the Cottage of her father: Such a method, he doubted not, would enſure his victory over her ſtubborn virtue, which probably might be affected only to enhance her conſequence; or which would certainly yield, when fears for the ſafety of her father ſhould be rouſed, on her ſeparation from him. This point ſettled, Du Val obtained the thanks of the Baron for his friendly counſels, and the promiſe of a large gratuity to recompence his ſervices, when by his aſ-

ſiſtance

ſiſtance Emma ſhould be encloſed once more within the Caſtle walls.

When Bernard had received from his daughter a minute detail of her late viſit, although he rejoiced at her preſent eſcape, he foreſaw her future danger, and trembled at the fatal conſequence which might yet enſue. He knew Morenzi to be devoid of every principle of honour and humanity; he dreaded the influence of his power; and felt his own defenceleſs ſituation; which he feared would not enable him to protect his devoted child from arbitary force, and lawleſs violence: After revolving in his mind every poſſible circumſtance, he had worked up his apprehenſions to ſuch a height, as to decide ſuddenly that an immediate flight could afford the only means of ſecurity from an enemy ſo formidable. The Caſtle of Brinon was the ſole aſylum which he could fix on as eligible; there a ſiſter of his late wife had lived for many years ſuperintendant of the family; and here he hoped he might be permitted to conceal his daughter without danger of diſcovery: it was diſtant from Bernard's village about twenty miles, and he hoped that they ſhould be able to reach it in a couple of days. He propoſed the ſcheme to Emma, who readily undertook a journey, which would remove her beyond the power of the

the dreaded Morenzi:—They had no time to loſe, and therefore, without further deliberation, began the preparations neceſſary for an expedition ſo important to their ſecurity. Bernard prudently determined to repoſe no confidence in any of his neighbours; although he knew himſelf to be beloved by them ſufficiently to ſecure their ſecrecy, yet he was unwilling to expoſe them to the Baron's reſentment, by entruſting them with the ſecret of his journey: Bernard took with him his little ſtore, the honeſt earnings of induſtrious years; Emma made up a ſmall parcel of linen; and neither of them being inclined to repoſe, they ſat down to a ſimple meal, of which, for the ſake of each other although devoid of appetite, they mutually forced themſelves to partake, that they might the better be enabled to encounter the fatigues which they had to undergo.

The village clock ſtruck eleven,—the hour when they had agreed to begin their journey: Emma took a mournful ſurvey of the beloved cottage, where ſhe had paſſed her life of innocence;—ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſpinning wheel and ſighed;—then turning to a wicker armed chair which was the conſtant ſeat of her father, ſhe ſunk into it, and burſt into tears.—"Alas," ſaid ſhe, "I had hoped for happy years to "come, to watch here the calm repoſe of him, who

gave

" gave me being; to tend with duteous affection " his declining age, who reared my infancy with " anxious love: I, who would wiſh to be his " deareſt companion, am doomed to bring ſorrow on " his ſilver head!" " Rather," replied Bernard, extending his hand to lead her from a ſpot where fond remembrance ſeemed to arreſt her lingering ſteps, " ſay that my Emma was born to bleſs her father by " her exemplary virtues:—I triumph in my child, " who nobly prefers honorable indigence to ſplendid " infamy!—let us haſten from impending perſe- " cution;—let us quit a place, where every moment " endangers her liberty and innocence." Emma ſtarted up, caſt a fearful look around, and encircling her arm in that of Bernard, they quitted the cottage, paſſed through the ſleeping hamlet, and reached the road, which led to their deſtined aſylum. The moon ſhone in penſive majeſty,—all was ſtill,—the gentle breeze of night wafted refreſhing odours,—and ſolemn ſilence reigned,—ſave the ſoft notes of warbling nightingales, chanting their tuneful ſong, among the fragrant hedges, or perchance, the diſtant bleating of ſome wakeful lamb. Emma's delicate frame felt ſometimes rather exhauſted, and obliged her to reſt for a few moments; but her fears did not permit her to indulge long in a repoſe, which endangered her ſafety: Bernard comforted her by the aſſurance, that they

they approached a village, where there was a public inn; in which they might venture to take ſome refreſhment, and where he hoped to procure a chaiſe, to convey them about twelve miles further, which would place them at an eaſy diſtance from the Caſtle of Brinon, and conſequently diminiſh the danger of purſuit: Thus encouraged, the timid Emma moved onwards with renewed courage; and the fugitives reached the inn juſt as a travelling carriage drove into the court yard: While the landlord and his wife were buſily engaged in attending to the newly arrived gueſts, Bernard applied to one of the ſervants to accommodate him and his daughter with a room, until a chaiſe could be got ready for their uſe; his requeſt was granted, and they were ſhewn into a ſmall apartment that looked into a garden, where they waited with ſome impatience the arrival of the carriage, in which they were to purſue their little journey.

Having urged their requeſt to be ſerved with expedition, the landlord entered, and informed them that by ſun riſe they might depend on a chaiſe, but that he would not ſuffer his horſes to leave the ſtables, until they had been ſufficiently refreſhed to do their duty: Obſerving Emma to caſt a diſconſolate look upon her father, he ſaid, "your young

"companion

" companion may be weary, I recommend her to " take ſome reſt in a quiet chamber, whither my " wife ſhall conduct her." Emma, oppreſſed by the fatigue, which ſhe had undergone, and finding they had no chance of purſuing their journey for the next two hours, accepted the propoſal, and conſented to retire into an upper chamber; where reclining upon a bed, juſt as ſhe was; notwithſtanding the agitations of her mind, ſhe ſunk into a profound repoſe.

Let us now quit awhile the virtuous fugitives, to follow Albert into Switzerland: He quitted the village where Emma dwelt, with a heart deeply impreſſed by the perfections of a woman, whoſe noble rejection of his hand, from the moſt delicate motives, had raiſed her in his eſteem. The Count de Bournonville, his father, was a man truly reſpectable in rank and character; he lived but to promote the happineſs of his friends; and had been ſo uniformly indulgent to the wiſhes of Albert; that he had every thing to expect from his generoſity and kindneſs: The education of this only ſurviving ſon had been cultivated with the utmoſt attention; he poſſeſſed a brilliant genius, a ſolid underſtanding, and a heart replete with honor, ſenſibility, and virtue.

The Count welcomed his ſon with thoſe marks of tenderneſs, which promiſed every thing to the ardent hopes of Albert. On the evening of his return, impatient to urge a ſuit, upon the ſucceſs of which his happineſs depended, he requeſted a private audience of his father, who appointed an interview in his cloſet, before they ſhould retire to their ſeparate apartments for the night: They met at the ſtated hour, each bearing teſtimony in his expreſſive countenance of the important ſecret, which oppreſſed his heart: The youthful impetuoſity of Albert arreſted the Count's attention, by an inſtant confeſſion of his paſſion, and by his reliance on parental indulgence to crown his wiſhes: The Count de Bournonville liſtened, without interruption, to the character of Emma, painted with all the ardent enthuſiaſm of love in the glowing colours of perfection. Albert ceaſed;—the pauſe of a moment ſucceeded;—when his father, looking ſteadfaſtly upon him, thus replied.

"Ever ready to promote your felicity, I ſhall not attempt to reaſon you out of an attachment, which you deſcribe ſo worthy of your choice, in every thing but birth and fortune. You are undoubtedly the ſafeſt judge in a point of ſuch conſequence as an union for life:—But a ſubject of ſtill more *preſent* importance *now* demands your attention: You muſt in future decide your own deſtiny:—I

"no

" no longer can claim from you the duty of *obedience:*
" You are the child alone of *my adoption*, but the *real*,
" the indiſputable ſon of a noble and unfortunate
" Marquis, the heir of a princely fortune, the real
" Henry de Clairville! wronged of your natural
" rights by an uſurper; who doomed you to a death in
" early infancy; from which providence reſcued your
" innocence."—" And who murdered, with barba-
" rian hand, my honoured mother?" exclaimed Albert, attentive with encreaſing wonder to the words of the Count; and whoſe imagination had been wrought up almoſt to a pitch of frenzy at the cloſe of the ſpeech. " This arm," continued he, " ſhall re-
" venge her ſacred blood in that of an aſſaſſin!"—But ſuddenly his features ſoftened to a look of grateful tenderneſs, recollecting himſelf, and falling at the feet of Bournonville, he thus continued; " Forgive, oh,
" *parent* of my *deſerted infancy*, the force of nature,
" that ſuſpended in my breaſt, the endleſs debt of
" gratitude which I owe you: Here let my heart ever
" acknowledge the tribute due to filial love; while my
" ſword avenges the blood of murdered innocence;
" from whoſe honoured ſource I drew my own ex-
" iſtence.—But ſay, my Lord, whence do you derive
" this ſtrange intelligence?" The Count then informed him, that in his late abſence he had taken into his family a ſervant, diſcharged from the Caſtle of Clairville,

Clairville, on the death of the late Marquis, and who, being a native of Switzerland, had returned to an uncle reſiding there in credit, by whom he had been recommended. That Prevot, interrogated relative to the motive of his quitting France, had given him a circumſtantial account of the occurrences, which had paſſed in the family of the Marquis, including the fatal death of the Marchioneſs, and the loſs of her young ſon. "Theſe events," continued the Count, "I found from Prevot's recital, paſſed at "a period, when I was returning with my wife "through France to Switzerland; but ſo expeditious "was my journey, that the foregoing circumſtances "never reached my ears: An infant ſon had accom-"panied our tour; and by a ſudden illneſs incident to "children, it pleaſed Heaven to recall the gift, with "which it had bleſſed us for a ſhort time: The "Counteſs was inconſolable, and I feared grief "would have had a fatal effect upon her delicate "frame; when an extraordinary incident rouſed her "attention from the indulgence of her private woes, "to exerciſe it on an object whoſe intereſting age "claimed the offices of humanity from her maternal "care."

(To be continued, and concluded in our next.)

O.

NUMBER XXVI.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1794.

" *Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum,*
' *Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.*"

(HORAT.)

" *Yet with ſure ſteps, though lame and ſlow,*
" *Juſtice o'ertakes the trembling villain's ſpeed.*"

(FRANCIS.)

ALBERT liſtened with attentive ſilence while the Count de Bournonville continued thus his narrative, " My faithful Durand, accompanied us in our tra-
" vels, he has ſpent his youth in my ſervice, and by
" his firm attachment has merited the place which
" he holds in my eſteem: As we were paſſing a

" frequented road, Durand, who followed us on
" horſeback, perceived upon the ground a ſleeping
" infant: Surpriſed to ſee no perſon near, and that
" the child had been left apparently unprotected, he
" ſtopped his horſe, when, from a wood which
" bordered the road, a man ſuddenly ſtarted forth,
" and thus addreſſed Durand, in a tone of agitation,
" If you have an inclination to do an act of mercy,
" take charge of this deſolate infant: his life will be
" forfeited, ſhould you refuſe to ſave him:—Spare his
" innocence, and ſnatch a ſoul from guilt: He is of
" noble blood, born to inherit a ſplendid fortune, but
" vengeance will purſue and overwhelm him; unleſs
" you ſhall generouſly reſcue him."—With theſe
" words, not waiting for a reply, he bounded again
" into the wood, and left Durand in the utmoſt
" conſternation: The honeſt fellow, trembling for
" the fate of the child, would not riſque a moment the
" threatened danger, but lifting the little infant gently
" from the ground, and placing him on his horſe,
" ſoon overtook our carriage, and ſtopping it, haſtily
" related the adventure, and preſented us with the
" foundling, who, awakened by the motion, was
" pouring forth his little ſorrows: The Counteſs
" ſnatched him eagerly to her boſom, he ſmiled in-
" nocently in her face and ceaſed to cry, as if re-

" collecting

" collecting in her arms a mother's fond embrace.—
" Yes," ſaid ſhe, diſſolving into tears, " thou ſhalt
" be protected, lovely infant; thou ſhalt replace in
" my vacant affections the loſs of my mourned
" Albert:—My care and tenderneſs ſhall ſupply that
" of a fond parent, and ſhelter thee from thy bar-
" barous enemies!"—The better to ſecure your ſafety,
" we agreed to call you by the name of our lamented
" ſon, and to conduct you to Switzerland as ſuch.—
" We ſwore to ſecrecy Durand and the Counteſs's
" woman, who attended us, on whom we could de-
" pend, and who have inviolably kept the ſecret;
" which 'till this hour has been concealed from all
" the world, even from yourſelf, whom I adopted
" with a tenderneſs equal to parental ſentiments.—
" Heaven not having thought fit to bleſs me with
" other children, I fixed my hopes on you, and had
" long ceaſed to expect, and I will confeſs even to
" wiſh, that fate would diſcloſe the hidden myſtery of
" your birth. You well remember the dying ſcene
" of the incomparable Counteſs, who had ſo ten-
" derly fulfilled for you a mother's duties: You re-
" ceived her bleſſing and mourned her loſs with filial
" ſorrow. I complied, rather reluctantly, with your
" deſire to travel, and obtained your promiſe not to
" be abſent from me on your firſt expedition more

" than three months. The account which we received
" from Prevot of the unfortunate death of the Marchi-
" oneſs de Clairville, and the unknown fate of her infant
" ſon, correſponding exactly with the time and cir-
" cumſtances of your adoption, left Durand and me
" little doubt, but that you were the devoted victim of
" the concealed aſſaſſin: We determined, however,
" not to let our ſuſpicions tranſpire before your
" return, which I daily expected from the laſt letters
" that I had received. A week ſince Durand
" paſſing through the ſtreets of Zurich was accoſted
" by a ſtranger, whom he ſoon recollected, in ſpite of
" the veſtiges of time, to be the perſon who had en-
" truſted him with the care of the infant Albert.—
" Thank Heaven," exclaimed the ſtranger, " I have
" lived to meet you once again!—You have never
" quitted my remembrance, although many years
" have paſſed, ſince I recommended to your pro-
" tection a perſecuted child: If he ſtill ſhould live,
" Heaven may yet reſtore him to his rights.—Con-
" deſcend to follow me to my habitation, where I will
" unfold a ſtory terrible to relate, the concealment
" of which has coſt my conſcience ſo dear." Durand
" readily complied with his requeſt, and learnt from
" him the confeſſion; that being a ſervant in the fa-
" mily of the Baron de Morenzi, he had been bribed

" by

" by promiſes, and intimidated by threats, to aſſiſt his
" maſter in the ſeizure of the Marchioneſs de Clair-
" ville and her ſon on the road to Clairville Caſtle;
" but that having been previouſly haunted by a hor-
" rid dream, he had determined to ſave, if poſſible,
" the young Marquis; that he conſulted with a
" brother, who was alſo in the Baron's ſervice, and
" who afterwards loſt his life in the action, and they
" both agreed together, at all events, to reſcue the
" child, the chief object of Morenzi's malice and the
" certain impediment to his wiſhes of inheriting the
" revenues of Clairville Caſtle. In the beginning of
" the engagement Fargeon declared, that with a view
" to ſave him, he ſnatched the infant from his mother's
" arms, who had ſwooned on the approach of the
" armed villains; and that having eſcaped with him
" to the wood, he lulled him to ſleep on a bank near
" the road; where he watched the approach of ſome
" paſſenger whom he hoped to move with com-
" paſſion; that he waited not long, as Durand was
" ſoon after ſent by Providence to be the fortunate
" inſtrument of his preſervation: Fargeon added,
" that he then returned to the Baron, who himſelf
" had headed the villainous troop; and found it not
" difficult to perſuade him, that he had with his own
" hands ſtrangled the child, and buried him in a deep

" ditch. Soon after theſe occurrences he had mar-
" ried and retired to Switzerland with his wife, where
" he had lived with an upbraiding conſcience ever
" ſince, upon the wages of iniquity;—with this ſole
" conſolation, however, that he was in appearance
" alone guilty of the murder: He had lately arrived
" at the knowledge of the late Marquis's deceaſe, and
" of the ſucceſſion of the Baron, which awakened in
" his mind ſuch remorſe for the ſhare taken by him
" in the deception, that he had almoſt reſolved to re-
" turn to France, in order to divulge a ſecret, which
" oppreſſed his conſcience; when he unexpectedly
" met and recollected Durand, to whom he reſolutely
" confeſſed the whole. My faithful domeſtic loſt no
" time in imparting to me this momentous ſecret: I
" had not yet diſcloſed to Prevot the diſcovery, which
" his intelligence had made to me of your family, but
" had immediately confided it to Durand, whoſe re-
" port of Fargeon's confeſſion, added a ſtrong con-
" firmation of circumſtances, ſufficiently evident be-
" fore: The ſecret yet remains between us undi-
" vulged:—but now is the criſis of your fate, and the
" moment is arrived for you to aſſert your claims,—
" to prove your exiſtence,—to expoſe to juſtice the
" uſurper of your rights,—" " and the murderer of
" my mother!" exclaimed Albert; " little did I con-
" ceive,

" ceive, when I attended the funeral of the lamented " Marquis de Clairville, that I was performing an act " of duty, and following a pare..t to the grave!"

Sleep viſited not the eyelids of Albert, who paſſed the remainder of the night in revolving the wondrous events, which had been imparted to him: Abhorrence of Morenzi's crimes and meditated revenge animated every faculty of his mind;—but in the midſt of theſe filial emotions the ſeducing form of Emma would ſometimes glide into his ideas, enlightening the future proſpect of his life with brighteſt hope. When the Count met Albert in the morning, he found him, impelled by youthful ardour and the thirſt of vengeance, reſolved to haſten to Clairville Caſtle, and to challenge the aſſaſſin of his mother. The Count endeavoured to ſoothe his impetuoſity by repreſenting to him that the judicature of France would do him ample juſtice; and that they were fortunately armed with evidence ſufficient to condemn a traitor, whoſe atrocious crimes ought to be publicly puniſhed by the exertion of thoſe laws, which he had violated. He propoſed, however, without loſs of time, to accompany him to France, and to take immediate meaſures for ſeizing the perſon of the Baron de Morenzi.—Albert ſubmitted to the opinion of the Count, and they

they ſet out accordingly the next morning, with a large retinue, among whom Durand, Fargeon, and Prevot were included.

We will leave the travellers to purſue their journey, while we return to the Baron de Morenzi. Du Val, ever indefatigable in a cauſe, wherein his own advantage was concerned, had reſolved to make uſe of the firſt opportunity, which ſhould offer, to ſecure the lovely Emma, in the abſence of her father: For this purpoſe he aroſe at break of day, and with two truſty domeſtics, in whom he could confide the baſeſt deſigns, took his ſecret ſtand behind a thick hedge, that fenced the ſmall garden of Bernard, with an intent to watch his departure from the cottage, and to ſeize the unprotected victim whom he had devoted to his own avarice and the licentious paſſion of Morenzi. While this wretch was lurking in ambuſh, ſome peaſants, accuſtomed to call their well-beloved neighbour to the occupations of the day, having repeated their uſual ſignal to no purpoſe, knocked at the door; they received no anſwer, an univerſal conſternation prevailed among them: After conſulting ſome time, they agreed to force the door, which having effected, they entered, and found to their aſtoniſhment the cottage deſerted: Du Val and his aſſociates had by this time

time joined in the ſearch, and having no difficulty to account for the flight of Bernard and his daughter, haſtened to the Caſtle to inform the Baron of a circumſtance ſo mortifying to his paſſion: Morenzi exaſperated with rage and diſappointment, vowed vengeance on the fugitives, and ordering a carriage to be got ready, threw himſelf into it with Du Val, determined to overtake the objects of his fury: Although well convinced that they had been too cautious to attempt concealing themſelves in the village, before his departure he ordered, that every cottage ſhould be ſearched. They took the ſame road which Bernard had choſen; and they purſued the wanderers as cloſely, as the interval of ſome hours would admit. While Morenzi was engaged in the purſuit of this venerable old man, Bernard, ſtudiouſly anxious to protect his perſecuted daughter, impatiently waited the approach of morning, when the landlord had promiſed him a carriage: He had locked the door of his daughter's chamber, intending not to diſturb her repoſe, until the moment of departure ſhould arrive, and had returned to his room below; where anxiouſly ſolicitous for the return of day, he ſtood at a window contemplating the declining moon: He was rouſed from his reverie by the entrance, through the open door, of a large dog, which, jumping up

to

to his knees, began fawning upon him, as recollecting an old acquaintance. Bernard ſoon called to his remembrance the faithful creature; when his maſter, who had miſſed his favourite, traced him to that apartment, and entering it, diſcovered to the aſtoniſhsd Bernard the unexpected form of Albert: A mutual ſurpriſe and pleaſure made them exclaim the ſame inſtant, "is it poſſible!" An explanation ſoon took place on each ſide; and the Count de Bournonville having joined them, he received Bernard with every mark of friendſhip and condeſcenſion. While the good old man was recounting the occaſion of his flight, and the deſigns formed by Morenzi to betray the innocence of Emma, the rage of Albert roſe beyond all bounds; and he ſolemnly vowed, that the monſter who had thus injured him by complicated villainy ſhould fall the devoted victim of his avenging arm.—"But where," ſaid he, "is my incompa-
"rable, my glorious Emma?—Let me, by my pre-
"ſence reaſſure her tender apprehenſions, and ſwear
"no fate ſhall ſeparate us more; but that from this
"moment ſhe ſhall find in her devoted Albert, the
"protector of her innocence, the champion of
"her honour, the avenger of her wrongs!"—At that inſtant a carriage drove furiouſly into the yard, and two perſons alighted from it, in one of whom,

whom, as it was now day, Albert recognized Morenzi.—The impulſe of the moment induced him to follow the Baron,. They entered a room at the ſame time,—" Villain, traitor, uſurper," exclaimed Albert, ſhutting the door, and inattentive to his own unarmed ſituation, " defend thyſelf, if thou dareſt " encounter the juſt reſentment of Henry de Clair- " ville, whoſe mother's blood demands the juſtice of " a ſon's revenge, from a ſon, who calls upon thee to " expiate with thy life thy monſtrous crimes."

The coward heart of Morenzi, ſtruck with the horrors of all conſcious guilt, froze in his boſom; and he ſtood fixed in mute wonder and diſmay: The Count de Bournonville accompanied by Bernard and his attendants had joined by this time, the unarmed Albert, who might have fallen a victim to the Baron's reſentment, had not a ſenſe of his own villainy, together with his aſtoniſhment and terror at the ſight of the injured ſon of Clairville arreſted the trembling arm of Morenzi. The cautious friends of Albert, almoſt by force dragged him from the room, and leaving Du Val only with Morenzi, faſtened the door upon them, which was guarded on the outſide by the Count's armed retinue to prevent an eſcape. The Baron had caught a view of Fargeon, and re-

collecting

collecting in him the man, whom he had employed to aſſaſſinate the young Henry, he felt a ſtrong and fatal preſage of his own impending fate! his brain was ſeized with ſudden deſperation; he ſnatched from his pocket a loaded piſtol, and before Du Val could wreſt the weapon from his hand, he lodged its contents in his own head, and fell thus ſelf-convicted, the devoted ſacrifice of his conſcious and accumulated crimes!

Du Val, terrified, flew to a window, and throwing open the ſaſh, proclaimed murder, in a voice ſo audible that he inſtantly collected together a concourſe of perſons, who, urged by curioſity, ſurrounded the houſe, and demanded admittance into the room from whence the alarm proceeded: The affrighted landlord likewiſe peremptorily claimed liberty to enter; which being granted, on condition that the priſoners ſhould not be ſuffered to eſcape, they ruſhed into the room, found the Baron lifeleſs, and Du Val leaning over his dead maſter, with looks expreſſive of horror and conſternation. When Albert viewed his fallen enemy, he ſtood for ſome moments wrapt in ſilent wonder—then exclaimed, "Chaſte "ſhade of my departed mother, be appeaſed!—The "arm, which ſhed thy guiltleſs blood, has in his

"own

" own revenged thee, and marks by this dread deed " of juſtice the unerring hand of heavenly *Retribu-* " *tion.*" He then quitted the apartment, and withdrew with the Count de Bournonville, who had given orders that proper attention to the body ſhould be paid: They now conſulted what meaſures they ſhould take to conceal from Emma a cataſtrophe ſo fatal, till they could remove her from this horrid ſcene.

Bernard determined to go to his daughter's chamber; and undertook with cautious tenderneſs to unfold to her the extraordinary circumſtance, that Albert and the Count had alighted from their chaiſe at the moment of Emma's arrival.

Harraſſed by the violent agitations of mind and body which ſhe had undergone, Emma had enjoyed for ſome time the moſt refreſhing and profound repoſe; from which ſhe was rouſed at length by confuſed ſounds of voices, that proceeded from below: She ſtarted up, and recollecting all at once her perilous ſituation, which the height of the ſun beaming through the curtains, painted in ſtrong colours, ſhe felt her apprehenſions of purſuit renewed; haſtening therefore to adjuſt her dreſs, ſhe tied on her ſtraw bonnet, with an intent to rejoin her father, when he ſuddenly entered, and tenderly

tenderly enquiring after her health, he found her ſo apprehenſive of danger from the interval of time, which they had loſt at the inn, that he ventured to inform her of Albert's arrival, and of his waiting impatiently to be admitted to her preſence: The glowing bluſh of momentary pleaſure animated her lovely cheek, but inſtantly retreating, was ſucceeded by a deadly paleneſs. "Ah, my father," ſaid ſhe, "how ſhall I "avoid him? We muſt meet no more—I have "taught my heart to renounce each fond idea, which "it had dared to form: Honour demands the ſa-"crifice: Let us fly then from redoubled danger." "O my exalted girl," interrupted Bernard, while tears of tranſport gliſtened in his eyes; "Well doſt "thou deſerve the bright reward, which now awaits "thy courage and thy virtue; deſcend with me into "the garden, where thou may'ſt guiltleſs behold "again the worthy Albert, thy faithful lover, and "thy deſtined huſband. Let me lead thee to him,— "he ſhall reſolve thy timid doubts, and baniſh that "incredulity, which ſpeaks in thy countenance."— Emma followed her father in ſilent aſtoniſhment, to a ſmall ſhrubbery at the end of a ſerpentine-walk, where Albert waited her approach, when in an inſtant, ſhe beheld him at her feet. "Receive," ſaid he, with a look of rapture, "the heart, the hand

"of

" of Albert, or rather of Henry de Clairville, the " lawful heir of that uſurped Caſtle and its wide do- " mains. I hail thee miſtreſs of thoſe ſacred ſhades, " where firſt my vows of conſtancy and love were " offered in the atteſting ear of Heaven! within " thoſe hallowed walls a ſolemn ceremony ſhall bind " our faith—the Baron de Morenzi is no more."

" Alas," interrupted Emma, in a tremulous voice, " has Albert then drenched his ſword in blood!—do " I behold a murderer?"—" No," replied her lover, " Morenzi fell the victim of his conſcience, and of " Heaven's avenging judgment. Accept a guiltleſs " hand, a conſtant heart, and a name unſullied.— The Count de Bournonville at this inſtant reached the ſpot, when the young lover preſented to him the fair object of his affections, whom he ſaluted with reſpect and cordiality, felicitating them both on their approaching happineſs.

Events ſo extraordinary being ſoon circulated through the adjacent country, they were received at the Caſtle of Clairville with dread and wonder, but in its neighbourhood with unfeigned tranſport and exulting joy: The unlooked for reſtoration of a family to which they were ſtrongly attached by every tie of affection,

affection, gratitude, and duty, broke at once the galling yoke of that oppreſſive ſlavery, under which the tenants had groaned during the ſhort reign of an uſurper, and promiſed them at once liberty and happineſs.

The approach of the young Marquis to the manſion of his anceſtors, being announced, he was met ſome miles from the Caſtle by all the peaſantry, who welcomed and followed him with acclamations of unfeigned delight.

The return of Bernard and his beauteous daughter, who were univerſally beloved, was likewiſe hailed by their ruſtic neighbours, with an honeſt ſimplicity of heart, to which that envy is unknown, which ſo often mingles with the ſentiments of thoſe born in the ſuperior ranks of life; and they cordially congratulated Bernard, on the rewards, which awaited his merits, in the advancement of his virtuous daughter.

As the high and venerable turrets of his native Caſtle roſe to the view of Henry, emerging from the thick foliage of the lofty trees by which they were ſurrounded, a thouſand varied emotions filled his noble heart: tears to the memory of his unfortunate

tunate and reverend parents, rolled down his manly cheek; while gratitude to Heaven, for the reſtoration of thoſe rights that empowered him to diffuſe happineſs around him, ſoftened his filial ſorrow.

Bernard and Emma entered their little dwelling with ſenſations very different from thoſe, with which they had ſo lately quitted it: They wafted their mutual thanks to that being, whoſe mercy had preſerved them from the machinations of a once dreaded, but now vanquiſhed enemy. The proſperous fortune that awaited Emma, filled her boſom with humble gratitude; but the lowly unambitious mind of this child of innocence, impenetrable to pride and vanity, felt no haughty exultation in the proſpect of her approaching elevation to a rank, the ſplendor of which, could neither dazzle her eyes, nor miſlead her judgment.

The Marquis de Clairville, ſuffered not the object of his true and tried affection to remain long in her humble retreat; he reminded Bernard of the promiſe which he had given him of his daughter's hand.

The ſcruples of delicacy the conflicts of duty and the claims of honour no longer could be urged as

obſtacles to oppoſe ſuch generous wiſhes: Sufficiently had Emma proved the conſcientious virtues of her heart; ſuperiour therefore to the arts of diſguiſe and affectation, ſhe obeyed her father's ſummons to meet her noble lover at the altar; where they exchanged their mutual vows, and were crowned by an *approving providence* with that refined happineſs, which diſintereſted love and *irreproachable* honour alone can merit.

'*For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds,*
'*And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.*'

(CONGREVE.)

O.

NUMBER XXVII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1794.

" *To be and not to ſeem was this man's maxim,*
" *His mind repoſes on its proper wiſdom,*
" *And wants no other praiſe.*"

WISDOM and virtue are ſo univerſally the objects of our admiration and eſteem, that we are naturally enough induced to reflect how very few attempt the cultivation of thoſe talents, by which alone they are obtained; and, on the improvement of which, the approbation of Providence, and the eſteem of the world depend: I mean that genuine eſteem ariſing from our attachment to laudable ſtudies and purſuits.

For this, however, we may partly account; the actions of men are more particularly influenced by vanity and indolence; the prominent features in almoſt every character:—While the firſt induces us to aim at a decided ſuperiority over the reſt of mankind; the latter naturally inclines us to purſue the eaſieſt road, which leads to our object: and we never conſider the means ſo much as the end; nor, whether we poſſeſs a real title to the praiſe of mankind, if we can only induce the world to think that we deſerve it. To covet our neighbours reputation, and to be ſo extremely anxious for the nominal poſſeſſion of abilities, which we take no pains to acquire, muſt not only be conſidered as idle and trifling in the extreme, but, even in a very high degree criminal: and yet to poſſeſs ſome eminent talent, and to be reputed wiſe, is the common aim of moſt men; and I believe there is no mortification which could be more ſeverely felt by them, than the imputation of a want of ſenſe and underſtanding: My fair country-women alſo, notwithſtanding their claims on beauty, are not a little deſirous to obtain their ſhare of preeminence in wit: This folly is indeed ſo generally prevalent, and has gained ſuch influence in the world; that however extraordinary it may appear, mankind had rather be thought unamiable in temper, than deficient in the abilities of the mind; and would prefer the reproach

of

of poſſeſſing a bad heart, to the contempt attached to a weak head. Solicitous, however, as they are to appear in the eyes of the world ſuperiour in mental qualifications, they contradict that claim by their actions; and by a voluntary union with the maſs of beings, who diſſipate their ideas in the frivolous purſuits of life, they loſe every pretenſion to that ſolid rectitude of judgment; which has been, and always will be eſteemed the reſult of genuine and unaffected ſenſe.

I have often thought that the vanity and indolence, of which we complain, and with which the human mind is ſo ſtrongly tinctured, might be greatly, if not entirely eradicated, by an early attention in thoſe who are entruſted with the care of youth; a department, however lightly mankind may think of it, certainly entitled to very high reſpect: It undoubtedly requires eminent and diſtinguiſhed abilities, and a very great knowledge of the world: Many, however, who profeſs to undertake it, are by no means qualified for the charge: They augment rather than diminiſh the evil which we deplore, and inſtead of extinguiſhing the fire, add fuel to the flame.

It is not ſufficient to inſtruct youth in the ſciences, or in the explanation of the Greek and Roman authors;

ſomething of ſtill greater conſequence is requiſite, to diſcover the genius of the pupil, to draw forth the latent powers of his mind, to diſtinguiſh the purſuit, to which thoſe powers incline, or to decide, whether he may be conſidered as deſtitute of thoſe natural qualifications, and of that aptitude for learning, which can never be ſupplied by the moſt unremitted attention, or by any cultivation however aſſiduouſly applied. This buſineſs is the moſt eſſential part of the occupation of a tutor; and it is this, for which the Jeſuits were ſo particularly famous: Any man, who will attentively conſider their plan of education, will be ſtruck with the diſtinguiſhed judgment diſcovered in it; and although he may diſapprove of the interpoſition of the ſociety in political concerns, he muſt allow them every merit in the education of youth: They ſtudiouſly conſidered the natural genius, and the turn of mind of every pupil entruſted to their care, on his firſt entrance into their ſeminary of learning; and then decided, either in what purſuit he would make the greateſt figure, or whether he was not ſo devoid of mental capacity as to render any cultivation whatſoever inſufficient: It is in this very momentous point that our ſchools in general are ſhamefully reprehenſible—did they imitate the conduct above mentioned, we ſhould ſee men as they really are, not ſo indolent, as to decline any trouble in the purſuit of

fame,

ſame, nor ſo unqualified as to poſſeſs no one requiſite towards the attainment of it, and yet at the ſame time ſo vain, as to endeavour to aſſume a character and diſtinction, to which they are in no degree entitled.

Having ſaid ſo much of thoſe, to whom the cultivation of youth is entruſted, it is perhaps needleſs to add, that parents are included more particularly in this great duty, and ſhare a ſuperiour portion of the blame, which reſults from the miſapplied education received by their family: While ſome children, from the vanity of their parents, are trained up in a mode far above their rank in life, and of which their ſituations and fortune does not enable them afterwards to avail themſelves, others, poſſeſſing moderate abilities, receive thoſe commendations from the ſame fatal cauſe, which, far from animating their enthuſiaſm, only ſerve to diminiſh their attention, and to augment their preſumption: Deceived and flattered by this deluſive praiſe, they conceitedly think themſelves capable at an early inexperienced age, of diſcharging with reputation the moſt eminent and important offices of life: From theſe cauſes education is checked in its progreſs: For the misjudging parent is too indolent to attend to the future improvement of his child, and too vain not to ſuppoſe that the youth, who has

hitherto reaped ſuch advantage from his ſtudies, will hereafter derive from them an equal, or even a greater benefit: The tutor alſo, ſatisfied with the falſe reputation, which he has acquired, and by which he has lulled the vigilance of the parent aſleep, totally remits his firſt attention; and the neglected youth, finding no one ſolicitous to animate his emulation, or direct his ſtudies, reſts ſatisfied with the praiſe which his early application has already acquired; and ambitious alone of reputed, not real abilities and genius, aims not at the ſubſtance, but endeavours to ſeize a ſhadow; which not only eludes his graſp, but expoſes the true ignorance and frivolity of his character through the progreſſive ſtages of his future life.

Hence ariſes one great cauſe of the numerous examples, which we ſee in the world, of men, who every day aſſume that conſequence, and affect thoſe characters, which they are ſo ill qualified to fill; who, poſſeſſing too much vanity, or too little reſolution to confeſs their own inſufficiency, and prudently to retire into obſcurity, continually intrude themſelves on the obſervation of mankind: From this ſource the various tribes of pretended orators and philoſophers derive their exiſtence; who, half educated, or trained in falſe principles of morality, have,

by

by their miſapplication of terms, miſled the ideas of their countrymen, overſet the conſtitution of a neighbouring kingdom, and rendered the words liberty, government, and patriotiſm, ſynonimous epithets for oppreſſion, anarchy, and deſpotiſm.

I was induced to make the above reflections, on peruſing the following letter from a correſpondent, which has been miſlaid, or ſhould have been preſented to my readers in a paper of a more early date: The ſubject of this eſſay will be illuſtrated in the following lines, in a more complete manner than by any example, which I can produce: We ſhall learn from the hiſtory of Themiſtocles how deſpicable are thoſe beings, whom I have deſcribed, who, although ſome few of them may be endowed with knowledge and genius, aſſume characters which they are not qualified to ſupport; and affect the diſplay of ſuperficial accompliſhments, which can attract, at moſt, but the popular applauſes of a moment. Were the pride and ambition of mankind founded on the baſis, upon which true character alone can be raiſed, how would human nature be exalted; this world would, in a certain degree become a terreſtrial Paradiſe, and we ſhould be in a ſtate of preparation for that Kingdom of Perfection, into which we all aſpire to enter.

I.

'To

'To the RANGER,

'SIR,

'FROM the daily example diſplayed, 'not only in public, but alſo in private life, I have 'been induced to remark the various follies, falſe-'hoods, and littleneſs of character conſpicuous in 'mankind, and to which an inordinate deſire of 'praiſe muſt neceſſarily lead: The ſubject may ap-'pear trite, yet I feel an impulſe, not to be reſiſted, 'to enlarge upon it; and, by the means of your pub-'lication, to convey my ſentiments to your readers.

'I have always eſteemed thoſe private virtues, 'which tend to the acquiſition of a clear and irre-'proachable conſcience, infinitely ſuperiour, in every 'point of view, to thoſe brilliant abilities, which 'may appear to greater advantage, from their being 'puſhed forward to public notice. I have ever had 'ſo great a contempt for the vanity of that being, 'who makes uſe of every moral artifice to diſplay 'his talents, that I confeſs it will give me great plea-'ſure to ſtigmatize and depreciate ſuch a character; 'and to extol private unaſſuming virtue, as much as 'my abilities will enable me: I will attempt, if 'poſſible, to repreſent the ſuperiority of character 'of the plain and ſimple man, who acts upon thoſe 'ſolid and ſteady principles of doing what is right

'for

'for the ſake of virtue alone, when contraſted with 'the conduct of him whoſe only aim is praiſe, not 'rectitude; whoſe incitement is ambition, not pa-'triotiſm; each look, ſpeech, and action, of whom 'muſt neceſſarily be one continued diſplay of his 'ſuppoſed abilities, to catch every breeze of po-'pular attention and applauſe.' To illuſtrate my 'ſentiments on this ſubject, I will attempt the com-'pariſon of thoſe two characters, by taking an ex-'ample of each, and by ſetting them in oppoſition to 'each other.

'The well-known names of Themiſtocles and 'Ariſtides, ſeem eminently ſuited to ſuch a purpoſe: 'Thoſe noble, open, honeſt, and diſintereſted virtues, 'and that truly great mind, which dignified Ariſtides, 'will contraſt with the craſty, oſtentatious, although 'perhaps to vulgar eyes the more ſplendid, character 'of Themiſtocles.

'Whether Ariſtides was wiſeſt in the council and 'mightieſt in the field of battle, is not here the ſubject of 'diſpute, for he was acknowledged great in both; yet 'worldly wiſdom and valour, according to my ideas, 'were among the pooreſt of his qualities: I do not 'wiſh to point him out when victoriouſly dealing 'ſlaughter around the plains of Marathon, but rather

'in

'in the evening preceding, when, with a magnani-
'mity of ſoul peculiar to the character, which
'I ſo much admire, although he was of equal rank
'with Miltiades, and might juſtly have ſuppoſed him-
'ſelf as equal to command, yet he gave up all his
'honours to promote that which he conſidered to be the
'public advantage; and not only reſigned his own day
'to that general, but prevailed on his colleagues to do
'the ſame: Nor again do I ſo highly revere him,
'when declaiming with all the ſplendour of oratory,
'to an aſtoniſhed and liſtening ſenate, as when ſitting
'ſilent, with dumb forbearance; while his greateſt
'enemy, Themiſtocles, arraigned for capital miſde-
'meanors, ſtood trembling before the bar of juſtice:
'Neither in ſhort does he appear to me half ſo great
'and worthy of reſpect in any of his brilliant actions,
'though they were numerous, not in the fire of
'youth and vigour of activity, not amidſt the diſplay
'of a ſmiling fortune, as when weary and old in ſer-
'vice; when retired from public life, and ſheltered
'under the aſylum of age, ſurrounded with the youth
'of Greece, attentive to learn from his mouth thoſe
'principles of honour and of juſtice, which had ſo glo-
'rioufly carried him through every ſtage of his ex-
'iſtence, in one ſteady and uniform courſe of inte-
'grity and virtue, of innocence and peace. All the
'trappings of grandeur, all the pride of dignity, and

'all

'all the popularity, which the Athenians could be-
'ſtow, muſt at that moment have appeared to him as
'empty ſhadows, in compariſon with the plaudits of
'his own approving conſcience; thoſe real ſenſe and
'genuine virtue had taught him to deſpiſe: he knew
'them to be tranſitory, and at beſt not worth the
'poſſeſſion: he had always regarded them unworthy
'incitements to any of his actions. It is even re-
'corded of this great man, that, although he had often
'given his advice, planned and deſigned expeditions,
'from which his country derived eminent and laſting
'advantages, he had as often reſigned to others all the
'fame and glory reſulting from the execution.

'Stanyan relates, that he readily concurred in all
'the operations at the war at Salamis with The-
'miſtocles, aſſiſted him with his information, his
'counſel, and his credit, and then permitted him to
'engroſs to himſelf all the honour of the victory.
'Indeed his conduct upon all occaſions towards this
'his profeſſed enemy, was infinitely noble—never
'did he look upon him with the eye of a rival: For
'he who conſults only the good of his country,
'glories in beholding ſurpaſſing abilities; and reflects
'with pleaſure, that although he himſelf has done
'much for the community, there are others who
'have ſtill ſuperiour merit; and who have rendered

"their

'their nation even more eſſential ſervices than himſelf: Such were the principles, ſuch was the enlarged ſoul of Ariſtides, perſuaded that his country had a claim to his ſervices: without a reward either of honour or of profit, he purſued virtue ſtedfaſtly for her own perfections, for her own lovelineſs, and for the palm, which ſhe alone can give.

'When ſuch a character as Themiſtocles is placed in competition with this truly reſpectable perſonage, he muſt in every point of view be inferiour; and the ſuperiority of Ariſtides is as clearly marked in the page of Grecian hiſtory, as that of the majeſtic oak in the foreſt over the ſhrubs and brambles, or the ſun in the firmament over the moon and ſtars.

'Yet, perhaps, Themiſtocles was as great a character as it were poſſible for any man to be: who aimed only at the acquiſition of popular applauſe; but by making it his object, he was perpetually betrayed into a degree of weakneſs and meanneſs, far unworthy the dignity of a hero: Such was his making it a point to be perſonally acquainted with each citizen, that he might accoſt every one reſpectively by his name: Such was his putting off, when admiral, all his buſineſs to the day, on which he was to ſail, in

'order

'order to raiſe an opinion of his capacity and diſ-
'patch: In ſhort, through the whole courſe of his
'politicks, and throughout all his beſt actions, there
'was as much artifice and ſubtilty as in the tricks of
'a jugler. Who, but a man of this deſcription, who
'but one having no higher motive for his actions
'than a love of fame, would have made ſo baſe an
'offer, as to burn the ſhips of his confederates, that
'Athens might enjoy the ſovereignty of the ſea? By
'means however of this artifice and chicanery, for
'ſome time Themiſtocles inſinuated himſelf into fa-
'vour, and ſtood high in the liſts of popularity; but
'view him in adverſity, in the decline of life, di-
'veſted of riches, and deſpoiled of popular favour;
'we behold not the picture drawn of Ariſ-
'tides, of a venerable old man, leaning on the arms
'of his diſciples, with ſerene contentment in his
'ſmile, with hope, peace, and charity in every look,
'but the houſeleſs beggar, the apoſtate to his cauſe,
'the exiled refugee in the territory of the enemy of
'his country: *When*, *when*, would Ariſtides
'have taken ſhelter under Perſian roofs? It has
'been ſaid, that as Themiſtocles was the greateſt,
'ſo Ariſtides was the beſt man of his time: Now
'although I ſhould ſay that Ariſtides was by far the
'greateſt, as well as the beſt; yet what truly wiſe
'man, would not chooſe to be good rather than to

'be

'be great: Surely it is almoſt needleſs to give the 'reaſons; it is idle to ſay what has been ſo often ſaid; 'that greatneſs is always tranſitory, particularly 'when applied to fame, always in the power of thoſe 'who gave it, to take it ſoon away. But how 'different are the bleſſings of the good man? how ſe-'cure is his treaſure? Should all things fail, who 'ſhall deprive him of that ſweet content, that bleſſed 'tranquillity, and that immortal glory, founded on the 'teſtimony of an applauding ſeraphim within, elevat-'ing him far above the reach of inſulting mortals, 'and which will hereafter give him unaffected ſe-'renity, amidſt the jar of elements and the craſh of 'worlds.'

A. B.

NUMBER XXVIII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1794.

" *Strange! that mankind ſo ſtudious to obtain*
" *Joy from each object, unallay'd by pain,*
" *Should roam from clime to clime, from pole to pole,*
" *And ſchemes purſue, which harrow up the ſoul,*
" *Which with the conſtitution diſagree;*
" *And ſet the mind from reaſon's empire free.*"

' TO THE AUTHOR OF THE RANGER.

' SIR,

' IT has often been the ſubject of many very in-
' genious enquiries, whether the tempers or conſtitu-
' tions of men exiſt in a greater variety; and it has
' been as frequently argued and decided, how far they

'mutually depend on each other: The propoſition 'therefore which I wiſh, and ſhall attempt, to 'eſtabliſh, will not induce me to enter into a 'philoſophical diſquiſition on their relative influence, 'but merely to mark the effect of ſuch cauſes, the re-'medy of which muſt proceed more immediately 'from ourſelves: I hope it will not be conſidered as 'preſumption in me to flatter myſelf with the perfect 'acquieſcence of my readers in acknowledging, that 'the temper and conſtitution, if not entirely ſimilar, 'and completely dependent on each other, have at 'leaſt this reſemblance in common, that we have at 'all times poſſeſſed a power effectually to regulate the 'one, and harmonize the other: As we find, on the 'moſt ſuperficial enquiry, that ſome ſpecific employ-'ments, or even amuſements, however moral they 'may be, tend to the prejudice of certain conſtitu-'tions; ſo alſo a number of circumſtances and pur-'ſuits may be pointed out, which are the principal, 'if not the ſole cauſe of irritating certain tempers: 'Yet ſuch is the negligence of our nature, 'that we perpetually place ourſelves in ſituations 'equally prejudicial to both. *Marcus*, ſorely afflicted 'with an aſthma, will follow no ſports but thoſe of 'the field: *Curio*, in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, 'heſitates not to declare himſelf, againſt all the re-

'monſtrances

'monſtrances of his friends, a candidate for a ſeat in 'the common council: *Hortenſius*, who can endure 'any thing but contradiction, is for ever occupied 'in ſtarting ſome new ſubject of diſpute; and he who 'would not diſpaſſionately wound a worm, will ſtab 'the feelings of his friend, without the ſmalleſt degree 'of remorſe, by inſults aggravated and reiterated in 'his arguments.

'*Mercator* is a man of letters, of a diſpoſition open, 'liberal, and humane, but doats on a rubber of whiſt, '—the only amuſement, which can betray him into 'abſence! I have known him loſe hundreds in 'trade, with the ſerenity of a philoſopher, yet diſplay 'the rage of a mad man at the loſs of an odd trick; 'he will wait, with unclouded reſignation, the reſult 'of the moſt weighty ſpeculation, yet be ſtretched on 'the rack of impatience by the want of a trump 'card.

'It ſeems ſtrange that we ſhould, thus feeling the 'infirmities of our tempers and conſtitutions, ſeek 'induſtriouſly the means of expoſing them to thoſe 'dangers, which it would be ſo eaſy to avoid; and the 'more ſo, when we conſider, that the moſt ſerious 'conſequences to both ariſe from circumſtances in

'themſelves of the moſt trivial nature, and the leaſt 'connected with our intereſt: But this is not a failing 'confined wholly to my own ſex, for I am ſorry to 'ſay, it is too often conſpicuous in the conduct of 'my fair countrywomen: As in them we are 'directed by nature to ſeek for the ſofter emanations 'of the mind, every deviation from polite urbanity, 'is felt with double force; and certainly, at leaſt 'within the limits of my obſervation, we can diſcern 'no ſituation in which female beauty is ſo frequently 'ſullied as at cards: How often do we ſee the pret-'tieſt face in company diſtorted with all the convul-'ſions of enraged diſappointment at the ſight of a 'fluſh and pam! how frequently behold, with 'concern, thoſe eyes, from which a playful glance 'has cheered the heart of many a ſighing ſwain, 'flaſh with indignation at the trumping of a 'thirteenth card! how repeatedly view thoſe lips, on 'which mellifluous ſounds were accuſtomed to dwell, 'pale and quivering with paſſion, ſcarce able to re-'preſs the execration, that hangs trembling on the 'tongue! theſe are apparent deformities, which, I 'doubt not, have fallen within the obſervation of moſt 'of my readers, and the effects of which muſt ever 'be prejudicial to thoſe ideas of grace and gentle-

neſs,

'neſs, that we are taught from our infancy to con-
'ſider as the attributes of a female mind.

'I was once rallying a facetious old batchelor, a
'particular friend of mine, in his choice of a ſingle
'life; and being myſelf ſomewhat ſuſceptible of the
'charms of the fair ſex, I expreſſed my ſurpriſe that
'a man ſhould live to the age of ſixty without once
'forming that connection, which ſeems by nature ſo
'eſſential to our happineſs: He with great good
'humour replied, "that he had at leaſt a dozen times
"in the courſe of his life, given his heart over for
"loſt, and owed the recovery of it each time ſolely
"to his having ſeen the fair poſſeſſor of it loſe a
"rubber at whiſt."

'*Lucilla* is a woman whom nature and edu-
'cation ſeem to have formed in emulation with
'each other, and from her general conduct and
'graceful form you would be at a loſs to determine,
'whether the one had done more for her perſon, or
'the other for her mind; elegance and eaſe are the
'outlines of the firſt, gentleneſs and good humour the
'leading features of the laſt; ſhe is gay without le-
'vity, learned without pedantry, and polite without
'affectation; ſhe is miſtreſs of thoſe ſofter affections

'which endear her to her family, of that ſincerity,
'which ſecures to her the friendſhip of the worthy
'and the virtuous, and of that amiable ſweetneſs of
'manners, which gains her the admiration of all:—
'Surely, you will exclaim, the woman poſſeſſed of
'theſe endowments, can on no occaſion be otherwiſe
'than agreeable; but believe me, gentle reader, no
'conjecture was ever more erroneous; let Lucilla cut
'in at cards, and it will then be an even chance that
'the melancholy reverſe will preſent itſelf in a few
'deals; ſhould *Lucilla* happen to loſe the firſt rubber,
'we ſhall ſee in a moment all thoſe beauties of form
'ſo much boaſted, convulſed; all that education ſo
'much admired, forgotten; every card which her
'partner ſhall play, will be followed by an inter-
'jection, and a marked diſapprobation; while her
'own will be thrown on the table in the moſt
'ungracious manner, that petulance and peeviſh-
'neſs have ever unitedly produced: the intervals
'between the deals will be filled up by comments on
'her partner's ill play,—"I was aſtoniſhed, Sir, by
"your not leading a club when you *muſt* have ſeen
"I threw all mine away to your hearts."—"But,
"Madam, if you pleaſe to recollect,"—"Not only
"that, Sir, but when you knew the beſt trump lay in
"the hands of your adverſary, it ſurely wou'd have

"been

" been the play to have led it out." Nor is the effect ' of *Lucilla's* ill fortune confined to the card table ; ' but " as all ſeems yellow to the jaundiced eye," ' every thing appears in a ſhape different to that, ' in which it ought to be viewed,—the cake is cut ' in a clumſy manner—the glaſſes are too full—the ' ſalver has no poliſh—the wine is not clear—fifty ' apologies are made, where a ſingle one is unneceſ- ' ſary—and not a ſervant enters the room, but he can ' tell that his miſtreſs is loſing her money :—expreſs to ' *Lucilla* a concern for her ill-fortune, ſhe will tell you, ' that it is the luck, which always attends her play ; ' —nobody holds ſuch bad cards for a continuance as ' *Lucilla* ; ſhe never ſits down but ſhe loſes ; to con- ' vince you of which, ſhe will begin to enumerate her ' loſſes from the commencement of the ſeaſon, and ' conclude by declaring, ſhe has a great mind to for- ' ſwear playing another card as long as ſhe lives. Thus ' have I ſeen the moſt beautiful ſet of features ſacri- ' ficed to an ill-run at cards ; and the loſs of a crown ' throw a ſhade over a countenance, which not all the ' ſun ſhine of good fellowſhip has been able to chace ' away ! Strange ! that a creature, whom Provi- ' dence has formed ſo very near perfection, ſhould ' thus inconſiderately purſue the means of ſullying ' Nature's faireſt work : Yet here I am aware, that

' it

'it may with propriety be aſked, how is it, that 'while we are continually boaſting the ſuperiority of 'our own abilities, we ſhould be ſeeking for that in '*weak woman*, which with all our vaunted philoſo- 'phy, we are not ourſelves able to acquire? In reply 'to this obſervation I can only remark, that Nature 'has not varied more in our corporeal, than in our 'mental qualifications: Woman is her favoured 'ſweeteſt work, formed in her faireſt mould, and 'tempered in her happieſt moments—to woman ſhe 'has given thoſe external beauties, which at once 'ſeize and ſecure our protection: on the mind of wo- 'man, ſhe has beſtowed thoſe ſofter endowments 'which give every claim to our admiration—Wo- 'man is "the drop of honey in our draught of gall,"

'*The bliſs that bears us on life's cheerleſs way,*
'*A glimpſe of ſun-ſhine thro' a dreary day.*

'It is ſhe who keeps us in temper with the world, 'meliorates our paſſions, and fits us for ſociety; can 'it then be a matter of aſtoniſhment, that where na- 'ture has been ſo profuſe of her bounty, we ſhould 'in an extraordinary degree lament the abuſe of it? 'It will ever be found that the nearer we arrive to 'the point of perfection, with the greater induſtry 'will our little failings be ſought out; and this is an

'axiom

'axiom of which my fair countrywomen may be 'assured, that women are like *other jewels*, whose 'blemishes strike us as of more or less consequence, 'in proportion to the value, which we set upon them.

'I have the pleasure to remain,

'MR. RANGER,

'Your constant Reader,

'And humble servant,

'X.'

My Correspondent having sufficiently and ably discussed the above subject, I shall add nothing to his arguments. I need not mark the folly of consuming our time either in those pursuits and amusements, which our interest and mode of life do not require of us; and our engaging in which, only serve to expose an ignorant mind, or a malignant temper, and to render us unamiable in the eyes of those with whom we associate, and whose good opinion it is our principal duty and interest to cultivate.

I.

My readers will excuse me, if I take this opportunity to thank them for the countenance which they have given to these papers: and assure them, that I propose

propoſe to reſume my pen on the firſt *Saturday* of the next year: In the mean time, hints on any Subject will be received, directed (poſt paid) to the RANGER, at Mr. NORBURY's, Printer, *New-Brentford*; at Mr. DEBRETT's *Piccadilly*; at Meſſ. ROBINSON's, *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and at Mr. C. KNIGHT's, *Windſor*.

NUMBER XXIX.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1795.

" *Nil prodeſt quod non lædere poſſit idem ?*"

Still-mingled flow the ſtreams of good and ill.

IT may be obſerved, without either the profaneneſs of epicuriſm, or the gloom of miſanthropy, that thoſe powers of the phyſical world, from which man derives his greateſt advantages, are not unfrequently made the inſtruments of his ruin ; and that the ſubtlety of genius, which has led him to multiply his happineſs by numberleſs accommodations and artificial embelliſhments, has generally combined with ſuch valuable diſcoveries, the principles of miſchief and devaſtation.

The labours of the theoriſt have long been exerted to account for the real or apparent diſorders of the material ſyſtem; but that curioſity which graſps at objects beyond human comprehenſion, muſt neceſſarily meet with diſappointment; and its ultimate reſearches can do nothing more, than inculcate the duty of acquieſcence in the determination of ſuperior wiſdom. That '*whatever is is right*,' and that '*nature never acts in vain*,' are poſitions, to which every good and pious mind will believe itſelf under an obligation to aſſent; but which it ſurely exceeds the powers of the moſt piercing and comprehenſive genius thoroughly to demonſtrate. Of the exiſtence and operation of evil in the moral world, we have diſtinct views; and however its origin in a theological light may be perplexed with intricacies and clouded with obſcurity, its appearances and effects, as they reſult from the weakneſs or perverſity, the inconſiſtencies and follies, the paſſions and prejudices of mankind, form a fair and intereſting ſubject of diſcuſſion.

By the uſe or abuſe of human power, as conſtituting moral agency, the chaos of good and evil has ſpread its confuſion over every ſcene of life. In the moſt extenſive, as well as in the moſt confined theatres of action, in inventions the moſt ſimple or the moſt ſublime, utility is ſo intermingled with diſadvantages,

advantages, that it will often embarraſs the wiſeſt judgement, to aſcertain on which ſide the balance preponderates. In the diſcovery of another hemiſphere, an event productive of the moſt important revolutions which this world ever witneſſed, if oppoſite conſequences of general happineſs and miſery do not equal one another, they are reſpectively of ſuch a magnitude, that they ſeem to baffle all calculations of human ſkill; and it is juſtly queſtioned by authors, neither precipitate nor paradoxical in their deciſions, whether the voyage of Columbus ſhould be ranked amongſt the enterprizes favourable to the happineſs of mankind.

Can the importation of cochineal or tobacco be thought a counterbalance for the tranſplantation of phyſical maladies, which have introduced unknown wretchedneſs and havoc among the natives of Europe and America?—Will the luxury of ſugar compenſate for the devaſtation of Africa?—Or could humanity wiſh that another world ſhould be explored, if the diſcovery were to be followed by ſimilar conſequences; if the bodies of the ſavages ſhould be tortured, without enlightening their ſouls; or if war ſhould only find freſh regions to plunder, and freſh myriads to deſtroy?—In affairs which are eſteemed moſt conducive to the welfare of ſociety, in the eſtabliſhments

of laws, the inſtitutions of civil government, the extenſion of commerce, the diffuſion of arts and literature, of civility and refinement, ſome writers have imagined that they have diſcovered a diminution of man's original happineſs and perfection, and that every approach to the ſimplicity of barbariſm would advance him nearer to his primitive excellence. Such extravagance of eccentric opinions, common ſenſe will immediately teach us to reject with ſcorn; but candour will be juſtified in expreſſing a benevolent wiſh, that the real evils of the ſocial ſyſtems afforded leſs pretext for the exaggerations of fancy.

The diſturbances which have at different periods convulſed and ruined every government, may be ſuffered to ſtand as incontrovertible arguments of the imperfections of every ſpecies of civil polity. Thoſe wars, which have at intervals, for many centuries, deluged Europe with blood, exhibit, in a ſtriking view, the deficiencies of its national conſtitutions. The boaſted excellence of the beſt-modelled political eſtabliſhments, is not abſolute but relative; and their advantages are calculated from the evils of anarchy, or of tyrannical and ill-adminiſtered ſyſtems. The ſecurity and protection, which it is the ſole buſineſs of civil government to afford, are ſometimes, perhaps ſcarcely adequate to the enormous expence at which they

they are purchaſed for each individual; and in a nation, where juſtice, that moſt valuable fruit of Liberty, is acknowledged to flouriſh in unrivalled excellence, the difficulty of procuring it is often nearly unſurmountable, and every acceſs to it obſtructed by a brood of ravenous harpies, as formidable as the three-headed monſter that guarded the avenues of Hell. The ravages accompliſhed by the muſquetry and artillery of our modern armies, may make us regret the diſuſe of thoſe ruder weapons, with which the contentious ſpirit of the ſavage once terminated animoſities.

" *Cum prorepſerunt primis animalia terris,*
" *Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter*
" *Unguibus et pugnis, dein fuſtibus, atque ita porro*
" *Pugnabant armis, quæ poſt fabricaverat uſus.*"

(HOR.)

The wide ſpread ruin which proceeds from the conflicts of the aggregate forces of hoſtile nations, will induce us to regard with leſs horror thoſe ſlighter commotions which agitate the ſcanty, undiſciplined, and diſunited tribes of the wilderneſs.

When we view the alarming increaſe of divorces, the frequent trials for adultery, and the proceedings at Doctor's Commons, the boſom will naturally ſigh

for thoſe virtues, which are reported by Tacitus in his account of the ancient Germans, to have peculiarly diſtinguiſhed the females of the Hercynian Foreſt. The ſuperſtitions of the Gallic Druids were not much more diſaſtrous, than the bigotry of ſucceeding hierarchies. The tumults of petty chieftains, and the miſrule of the Merovingians, are parallelled in the atrocities and eruptions of a poliſhed and enlightened age. The evils reſulting from the corruptions and abuſe of religion, have greatly contributed to enlarge the catalogue of human calamities; and have furniſhed the ſceptic with a practical objection, far more important than any arguments from abſtract ſpeculation. It is obſerved with great propriety by Temple, in his account of the Netherlands, that if the toleration eſtabliſhed in Holland has deprived religion of ſome advantages, it has at leaſt cauſed it to do leſs miſchief than in other countries.

Wherever we turn our attention to any diſcoveries of art or any operations of genius, which poſſeſs an extenſive influence over the manners and happineſs of ſociety, we ſhall generally find them alloyed with evils, and ſuſceptible of abuſes, which no vigilance of the laws has been able to repreſs. In delivering precepts for the attainment of one of the nobleſt

faculties

faculties that can adorn mankind, Quintilian thought it neceſſary to introduce his inſtitutes with the diſcuſſion of the queſtion, whether eloquence ſhould be reckoned an uſeful art? and though he readily gives his anſwer in the affirmative, yet the government of Lacedæmon appears to have entertained a contrary opinion, when it excluded the practice of oratory from the tribunal of Sparta. The invention of gunpowder, we are told, has rendered battles leſs ſanguinary, than when hoſtilities proceeded on the ancient ſyſtem. If the truth of this be admitted, it will only prove, that one invention is leſs pernicious than another; and that chymiſtry has rather alleviated an evil, than introduced any poſitive good. On the different tendencies of dramatic exhibitions whole volumes have been written, without bringing the queſtion to any ſatisfactory deciſion: and the invention of printing may be added as another remarkable inſtance of thoſe combinations of good and evil, which have been diffuſed over life by the proper or improper application of human powers. The preſs is a powerful engine, which may be uſed alternately for conſtructing or demoliſhing the moſt ſuperb and ſolid fabrics:—It ſpreads alike the ſalutary beams of virtue, and the peſtilential blaſts of wickedneſs; the ſhafts of fame and calumny; the balm of religion

and

and piety; or the poiſon of hereſy and atheiſm. It is the palladium of civil liberty, and the grand arſenal of rebellion.

If the collective powers and the collective wiſdom of communities aſſiſted, as they are, by the experience and examples of former ages, have yet never ſucceeded in ſecuring their general intereſts from a mixture of complicated miſchiefs, we ſhall not be ſurprized that man, in his individual capacity, in domeſtic or ſolitary ſituations, ſhould often find his moſt ſucceſsful enterprizes pregnant with concealed misfortunes; and that the objects of his fondeſt deſires, if they do not always mock his embraces with enjoyments far inadequate to the anticipations of hope, yet generally alarm him with unexpected miſery and danger.

The complaints of ſorrow, and the murmurs of diſcontent, with which we are every where ſurrounded, muſt convince us that the proſpects of happineſs indulged by the youthful mind are too often viſionary and romantic; and that the objects of our purſuits, like the ſpoils of the hunter, often amuſe us in their chaſe, without enriching us by their acquiſition. The negative definition of happineſs, that it

is

is *freedom from pain*, would insinuate that the sources of misery are not less exuberant than those of joy.

Αμοχθος γαρ ουδεις· ὁδ' ἡκιστ' εχων μακαρτατος.

(SOPHOCL. FRAGM. APUD STOBÆUM.)

That highest degree of happiness which springs from the tenderness of affection, exposes us, by the dissolution of its ties, to the most poignant pangs of sorrow. Opulence and beauty are beset with their appropriate temptations and dangers; and exhibit unnumbered victims of vanity, dissipation, and ruin. Even science itself, amid all the independence of its enjoyments, submits its votaries to their peculiar mortifications; and the delicacy of refined and cultivated genius feels keener anguish by the increase of its sensibility.

Perhaps those stations which to vulgar judgments appear to include the unalloyed advantages of nature and fortune, and which all ages have consented to behold with envy or ambition, will be found on a nearer view oppressed with a weight of evil proportioned to their elevation and grandeur. A thousand catastrophes will evince how dangerous are the summits of that political power, the desire of which has ever stretched the strongest nerves of ambition; that its

its difficulties, its duties, and its reſponſibility, riſe in proportion to its magnitude and extent; and that

" *Within the hollow crown,*
" *Within whoſe circuit is elyſium,*
" *Keeps care his court, and there the antic ſits,*
" *Scoffing his ſtate and grinning at his pomp.*"

But in whatever proportions evil may be combined with good in the affairs of public or private life, and that it is combined with it in no ſmall proportions will be generally admitted, a perſuaſion of this truth ſhould not ſerve to inſpire the ſluggiſh irreſolution of deſpair, or the ſupine acquieſcence of fataliſm.—It muſt encourage us to redreſs thoſe grievances, which we cannot utterly remove, by augmenting our prudence, and by invigorating our exertions. Conſcious as we are, that life is the ſcene, where human merit was intended to be diſplayed; that in ſtruggling with its numerous hardſhips, in combating its difficulties, in ſurmounting the obſtacles, which interrupt its progreſs in every ſituation, the mind rouſes its nobleſt energies; and acquires honour and reward, only by well ſuſtaining the poſt of danger.

O.

NUMBER XXX.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1795.

"*Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquam ne reponam?*"
(JUVENAL.)

Say, pratlers, muſt I ſtand for ever by
In paſſive ſilence? ſhall I ne'er reply?

THE attention of the periodical eſſayiſts, as often as they have aſpired beyond the mere amuſement of their readers, has been uſually fixed on the regulation of manners—of thoſe leſs intereſting parts of morality, the tranſgreſſions of which, though they do not alarm ſociety, are yet capable of diſturbing it by repeated vexations; and which, as they are not amenable before higher tribunals, ſeem not improperly

ſubjected to the chaſtiſement of wit and humour.—Their methods of publication are in this reſpect attended with ſome peculiar advantages. By means of their frequent addreſſes to the public, they are enabled to *ſhoot folly as it flies*; to apply corrections to foibles, before they become inveterate; and, if their firſt attempts are defeated, to chooſe a more commodious poſition, and to renew their attacks with redoubled ſpirit and freſh pointed ſhafts of ridicule.

It may indeed be reaſonably apprehended from the multitude of thoſe imitators who have followed the track of the illuſtrious *Addiſon* in this ſpecies of fugitive productions, that the ſources of humour and polite raillery are nearly exhauſted, and that hardly any field of follies is left unbeaten; the caprices and faſhionable extravagancies of human life, changeful and multifarious as they are, cannot ſtill continue to ſupply a number of ſucceſſive obſervers with novelty of ſentiment and originality of remark. But, however precluded from the claims of a diſcoverer, an eſſayiſt may exert a laudable induſtry, he may furniſh diverſion for himſelf and his readers, in purſuing and hunting down the game which his predeceſſors have ſtarted. With ſuch perſuaſions I am induced to preſent the public with ſome reflections on a certain nuiſance, which infeſts modern converſation;

ſation; and which, notwithſtanding it has been ſometimes ſtigmatized by former ſtrictures, muſt be ſtill allowed to ſubſiſt with undiminiſhed vigour.

Since the prejudices of bigotry, and the vehemence of religious diſſention have been baniſhed by general agreement, from the liberal and enlightened ſcenes of life, the familiar intercourſe of ſociety has undoubtedly experienced a happy revolution. The freedom of ſentiment, and the harmony of converſation, are now ſeldom liable to be interrupted by the obſtinacy of dogmatical pride, or the petulance of captious heterodoxy; and the animoſities even of political parties, however violent on the theatres of buſineſs and public life, are, with ſome exceptions, generally prevented from encroaching on the happineſs of ſocial retirement, by our extended ſyſtems of politeneſs, and by the generous influence of refinement. Odious and deſpicable indeed were that ſpirit of religion, which ſhould overcloud the feſtive hour with the gloom of polemical rancour; and he ſurely abuſes the privileges of a Britiſh freeman, who in the moments of convivial gaiety, makes his liberty the theme only of controverſy and altercation.

While we exult, however, in theſe improvements, which the diffuſion of ſofter manners, and of general

knowledge, have probably introduced into ſocial converſe, we muſt acknowledge, that they are partly counterbalanced by inconveniencies, reſulting apparently from the ſame ſources. Since the quinteſſence of ſcience has been extracted from its unwieldy and ponderous maſſes, and condenſed into ſlight ſummaries, calculated for univerſal reception, the intoxicated brain of the ſcioliſt has obtained the power of annoying company, without a capacity for entertaining or inſtructing it. It is now an univerſal complaint, flowing from grievances in all likelihood nearly as general, that ſociety is ſtunned with the ceaſeleſs din of a loquacity, oſtentatious indeed, but at the ſame time frivolous and ſuperficial

The invectives of the ſatiriſt have often aſſailed that epidemical diſorder, the itch of writing, with which antiquity is ſaid to have been tolerably infected; and whoſe virulence has certainly not been abated by the invention of typography. The voluminous prolixity of laborious ſcribblers, has long afforded ridicule a frvourite topic; and it is an opinion, encircled with a kind of proverbial authority, that *a great book is a great evil.* But with how much more juſtice may we alledge our complaints againſt the tedious and long-winded narratives of thoſe living orators, who intrude ſo often on the ſocial dialogue. A reader

may

may always ſhelter himſelf in neglect, from the thickeſt volleys of pamphlets ; and we can elude at pleaſure the ſtupifying influence of the heavieſt folio: but in the other caſe no ſuch alternative is in our power. A hearer is frequently placed in ſituations, which he cannot quit, without violating the ceremonials of politeneſs; and, without the conſolation of making any perceptible progreſs; without the ſatisfaction of gaining any valuable information, of finding difficulties reſolved, and queſtions elucidated; he is involuntarily condemned to the lingering tortures of the droning tautologiſt, to hear the deſultory jargon of the pratler, and the minute details of the unintereſting connoiſſeur.

There are, indeed, caſes, in which the fault, that I am now cenſuring, ſeems conſiderably extenuated; nor ought it, under different circumſtances, to be reprehended with an uniform ſeverity. That eſtabliſhed and habitual reverence, with which we have been taught to regard old age, will diſpoſe us to conſider its garrulity with indulgence. And he, whoſe talents and mental endowments have ſecured him an acknowledged preeminence of intellect, will generally command, as he deſerves and rewards, the attention of an impartial audience, while he exerciſes with mildneſs the prerogatives of tranſcendent knowledge. But

when the preſumption that often attends juvenile inexperience, when that poſitive arrogance, which is a ſure criterion of a raw unfiniſhed ſtudent, is impelled by the ſuggeſtions of vanity to take the lead in converſation, and aſſume the office of dictorial ſuperiority, every ſenſible hearer muſt be ſtruck with emotions of diſguſt or indignation at the uſurper. The attempts of ſuch conceited ignorance and ſophiſtry, will ſometimes perhaps ſucceed among people of little ſagacity and penetration; and it will be eaſily allowed, that the noiſe of an empty declaimer has captivated many an audience.—But the admiration which proceeds from weakneſs and want of diſcernment, confers no valuable panegyric on genius: and for one diſpoſed to admire a diſplay of ſuch unſeaſonable fluency, there are generally twenty ſecretly chagrined at this infringement of their privileges in converſation. It may be obſerved, that in ſocial meetings, where the *Dramatis Perſonæ* conſider themſelves poſſeſſed of equal rights, and perhaps of equal powers for ſupporting converſation, the elevation of one is naturally reſented as a degradation of the reſt. And how can any puny invader expect to eſcape uncondemned, when ſuch ambition would ſcarcely be tolerated, though ſanctioned by the powerful abilities of a Grotius and a Johnſon.

During

During the reign of Grecian literature and eloquence, a ſet of men, known by the appellation of *ſophiſts*, haughtily claimed the poſſeſſion of univerſal knowledge. However deficient their explanation of crabbed queſtions muſt have occaſionally proved, the ſeveral evaſions, ſubterfuges, and dark ambiguities, by the help of which ignorance aſſumes the mark of wiſdom, muſt have excited the diverſion, if they did not ſatisfy the curioſity of inquirers. From the principles of this ſect, compounded with the dialectics of a later age, which qualified the diſputant for wrangling upon any ſubject with a very ſlender comprehenſion of it, the hero of modern converſation may derive the finiſhing poliſh to his character, and emulate the honours of thoſe illuſtrious prototypes, the grecian ſophiſt, and the ſcholaſtic logician.

The fertile invention of man has indeed contrived a remedy for almoſt every inconvenience; and poſſibly in this view the amuſement of card-playing, when confined whithin the limits of moderation, may be conſidered as a diſcovery at leaſt worthy of being tolerated. If we advert only to its abuſes, it is true, the gaming table will furniſh the moraliſt with an exhauſtleſs topic of cenſure. But let us recollect, that if cards ſometimes diſplace improving converſation, they more frequently cloſe the mouth of calumny:

calumny: if they exclude the ſolidity of argument, and the brilliancy of repartee, they relieve us from the burthen of oppreſſive dullneſs: they prevent the tedioufneſs of twice-told narratives, the volubility of impertinence, and the vociferations of arrogance.

By a dull ſeries of common place obſervations, by relations of improbable events, and by a thouſand reſources of novelty and miracle, of declamation and anecdote, how often does the pratler exhauſt the patience and ſpirits of his hearers? As we but too frequently find to our coſt, on entering a ſociety of ſeveral miſcellaneous characters.

While the ſailor informs us, "how he raked the enemy fore and aft," the cit will comment on "the fineneſs of a turtle, the fatneſs of a haunch, the benefit of trade, and the price of ſtock." The *materia medica* ſupplies the phyſician with an ample ſubject of diſſertation, which he expatiates upon not leſs copiouſly, becauſe his technical language is not perhaps thoroughly underſtood. Such is the jargon and confuſion which annoy the ſcenes of converſation; and which exact the toil of attention, without repaying it by any adequate information or amuſement.

It naturally happens, indeed, that a man ſhould fix his regard with moſt pleaſure on thoſe topics of diſcourſe, which from habitual connection and attachment he feels moſt intereſting; and that by a ſlight progreſſion he ſhould wiſh to draw the notice of his companions into his own vortex. But were we to inveſtigate the methods of gaining uſeful inſtruction, we ſhould ſoon diſcover, that it is acquired, not by haſty effuſions of our own opinions, but by liſtening to the obſervations of thoſe who are adorned with ſcience. Some refuſe, it is true, will be often united with that which is really valuable, like the droſs of the gold, or incruſtations on the diamond; but it is always in the power of the poliſher to remark the difference, and to give the gem its true luſtre. The many valuable papers in the Spectator, and other periodical writings, for which the public are indebted to the excellent author, whom I have already mentioned in the former part of this eſſay, in all probability drew their origin from his having treaſured up in his mind, as a grand repoſitory of every thing uſeful, each judicious remark or ſhrewd obſervation, which the elegant and well-informed ſociety that he kept, enabled him to accumulate. Such an example, if in this caſe example were neceſſary to ſupport the opinion, may ſerve to convince us, that more may be gained from a judicious reſerve, than from loquacity, however

however ambitious of the appearance of knowledge, or however ſurrounded with the plaudits of undiſcerning admirers.

The above ideas were ſuggeſted to me by the following letter in praiſe of Silence, with which I ſhall conclude this Eſſay, and take leave of my readers for the preſent.

'To the RANGER,

'SIR,

'THE philoſopher, in the dark retreats of 'ſolitude, is enabled to form the tenets and confirm 'the opinions of his ſect. Retirement is the proper 'ſcene for the attainment of that ſcience which he 'deſires; and here, as in the moſt congenial ſoil, 'his affections are rooted. Far different is it with 'the man of the world;—his knowledge can only be 'derived from thoſe departments, where his inclina-'tions have placed him, from the intercourſe of ge-'neral life and the buſtle of ſociety. Choice rather 'than neceſſity early inrolled me in this latter de-'ſcription; and into whatever miſtakes I may have 'been unwarily betrayed by a natural partiality for 'my own ſentiments, daily experience forcibly corro-

'borates

'borates one opinion, which prudence taught me to 'entertain, and to which, I muſt confeſs, my chief 'ſucceſs in life may be juſtly attributed.

'I obſerved that the moſt fertile genius, by daily 'holding forth in company, became exhauſted and 'barren; that wit and vivacity could not continually 'retain their charms; that the quickneſs of repartee 'loſt its poignancy by repetition; and that conver-'ſation was often turned from its line of direction, 'only to introduce ſome miſerable pun or hackneyed 'ſtory. It was to this that I aſcribed the daily fai-'lures of the witty and the gay; and reſolved, in 'conſequence to chalk out for myſelf a different 'mode of conduct. Inſtead of attempting to figure 'as a ſpeaker, I was contented to mingle in company 'as a mute; while a *no* or a *yes* was always at the 'ſervice of my friends, to ſupport their obſervations 'and to encourage their diſplay of knowledge in the 'dialogue. As I mutually agreed with each, I was 'alternately welcome to oppoſing factions; and 'while I flattered the vanity of my companions, I 'gained the reputation of being acquainted with every 'topic of diſcourſe. *Ruricola* declared in a large 'company, that *Sagely* knew more of agriculture 'than half his countrymen; becauſe I had given an 'acquieſcent nod to one of his projects of improve-

ment.

'ment. There are others equally diſpoſed to aſſert 'the depth of my proficiency in Politics, Mathe-'matics, Hiſtory, Muſic, Painting, Poetry, and in 'ſhort throughout the whole circle of general know-'ledge. Thus, by diligently conſidering the pur-'ſuits and favourite ſtudies of my companions, I can 'immediately ſuggeſt a few hints on the ſubjects 'with which they are acquainted, and turn the con-'verſation on their favourite topics. A new audi-'ence would not indeed be ſurpriſed with my elo-'quence or knowledge; but I have the ſatisfaction 'of being pointed out by thoſe who are more inti-'mately verſed in my character, as a man of deep 'remark and ſolid judgement; my aſſociates are nei-'ther fatigued nor diſguſted with any of my obſer-'vations; and each circle of acquaintance ſtill fondly 'welcomes the preſence of,

'Your ſervant and admirer,

'SILENT SAGELY.'

N.

NUMBER XXXI.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1795.

'*Tractent fabrilia Fabri.*'

(HORAT.)

Let each Man attend to his own Province.

FROM a very ſlight enquiry into the manners and conduct of ſociety in general, we cannot but obſerve the variety exiſting in the reſpective employments of mankind: But their daily engagements are not more varied than their tempers; and however we may ſuppoſe, as ſome authors have roundly aſſerted, that men in general are directed almoſt entirely by their intereſt; yet a cloſer and more accurate in-

veſtigation will teach us, that folly, indolence, and caprice, have their ſectaries alſo; and that they poſſeſs much more influence on our manners and purſuits, than a curſory view of the world would at firſt induce us to ſuppoſe.

Even the ſtrength of natural underſtanding, united to a poliſhed education, does not always exclude abſurdity from the conduct of mankind; and we daily ſee beings, whoſe minds are ſtored with requiſites ſufficient to form exalted characters in life, by the miſuſe of their talents, contract a ſingularity of manners which renders them the ridicule, rather than the ornament of ſociety.

VIOLANTE was the only daughter, and unfortunately the darling of her parents, whoſe exceſſive fondneſs obſerved with oſtentatious delight the early progreſs which ſhe made under her governeſs in all companies, where ſhe was permitted to diſplay her wit and accompliſhments. The natural effect of this fooliſh ill placed indulgence ſoon appeared: The young oracle became ſo conceited, as to imagine her education completed at the age of fourteen; and her parents, whoſe blind partiality beheld in their daughter a miracle of underſtanding, were induced to indulge her early abhorrence to ſubjection, by diſmiſſing her governeſs;

governeſs; whoſe yoke was become inſupportable to a young lady, already far advanced in the French language, and a tolerable proficient in faſhionable ſcience. Her wiſe parents thought it now high time that their heireſs ſhould become converſant with the world, and commence an actreſs on that great theatre; where they expected her to make ſo conſpicuous a figure, and to obtain every diſtinction, which the beſt natural underſtanding, improved by a long and well directed education, could beſtow. Happily for themſelves however, they ſurvived not to behold the fruits of their abſurd indulgence, and ill timed partiality.—At their death they declared her miſtreſs of her own actions and fortune, uncontrouled by the admonitions of any guardian; who, under the plea of friendſhip, ſanctioned by the law, and the will of her parents, might miſ-direct her conduct and prevent her making that diſtinguiſhed figure, for which, in their opinion, ſhe was ſo eminently qualified. VIOLANTE, then, at the age of ſeventeen, miſtreſs of her own conduct, became an active performer in the ſcenes of ſociety; as far as that domeſtic circle could extend, which limits the boundaries of private life.

Though VIOLANTE inherited a liberal fortune, yet ſhe paſſed the days of early youth and more advanced maturity without ſuitors; her arrogance of

manners, and ſupercilious demeanour, kept at an awful diſtance that ſex, which ſhe treated as greatly inferior to herſelf in underſtanding: Poſſeſſing neither the attractions of perſonal beauty, nor thoſe perſuaſive graces, which caſt often an irreſiſtible faſcination over the moſt irregular features, ſhe reached the age of forty, before the terrific idea ſtruck her, that ſhe was in danger of leading apes below.—Her glaſs reflected a face, where the premature wrinkles of ill humour, mixed with thoſe of decaying youth, and a complexion, which had never been ſoftened by the tints of blooming roſes or lilies, but which now exhibited a more ſarcaſtic ſneer, and a ſtill more livid gloom. The humiliating proſpect of departing youth, taught her at laſt to think more favourably of that ſex, which ſhe had hitherto treated with contempt; and ſhe began ſeriouſly to apprehend that a moroſe old age at laſt would exclude her from ſociety, and prevent her from ſhewing her wit, indulging her ſatire, and exerting her deſpotiſm at the expence of the male ſex. She now caſt about her prying eyes in ſearch of an object, whom ſhe might claim as her own; and whom, bound in matrimonial chains, ſhe might rule prudently with all her might. Yet an union with an abſolute fool, would have impeached her own underſtanding, which in her opinion was extremely admired by the world. She had

had been for a ſhort time acquainted with a widower of ſome eminence in the church; he had paid her a few compliments on her ſenſe, and had attended with great complacency and ſeeming admiration to her loquacity.

The diſtinguiſhed object of VIOLANTE's ſudden attachment ſoon perceived that her fortune would be an eaſy conqueſt; thirty thouſand guineas appeared as ſo many brilliant ſtars beaming from her eyes, and her devoted lover, by profeſſing himſelf the ſlave of her mental qualifications, inſinuated himſelf ſo completely into her good opinion, that ſhe graciouſly yielded her withered hand to his ardent entreaties: and having obtained a previous promiſe from the gentleman, that he would fulfil himſelf the injunction *uſually* required of the wife, to honour and obey, ſhe entered into her new engagement with every idea of ſovereign prerogative and female dominion.

On the concluſion of the marriage ceremony, the triumphant bride brought home her obſequious bridegroom, to an elegant villa which ſhe poſſeſſed on the banks of the Thames, where he ſoon diſcovered that he had reſigned his liberty to a Termagant; who uſurped authority with an iron hand; and that if he wiſhed for tolerable repoſe, he muſt ſubmit without

without reſiſtance to the humours of a wife; who, if contradicted, would overwhelm his naturally placid diſpoſition, with the vehemence of her paſſions, and render his future life a ſcene of unvaried confuſion and diſtreſs.

Mrs. BUSTLE's empire was now greatly extended; ſhe aſſumed unlimited ſway, and not contented with the prerogative which her ſex allowed, of ruling the domeſtic concerns of her family, ſhe interfered in every department of her huſband. As Mr. BUSTLE had the rectory of a pariſh in London, he had a good houſe adjacent to the church; here they ſpent the winter months, and Mrs. BUSTLE her mornings in regulating the affairs of the pariſh,—in ſettling the rates,—in ſcolding the clerk and church-wardens,—and in aſſiſting to diſtribute the alms collected for the poor. This indeed, ſo far from being conſidered in its proper light, by an *ungrateful* pariſh, ſerved only to create Mr. BUSTLE many enemies, and to expoſe him to many ſneers and inſults: But all this had little effect on his *diligent* and *attentive* wife, who in ſpite of her huſband's daily remonſtrances, and the ill will of the pariſh, unremittingly perſevered, until ſhe had fomented a quarrel between Mr. BUSTLE, and all his pariſhioners, and involved him in three cauſes in the exchequer.

Theſe

Theſe were the winter amuſements of Mrs. BUSTLE.—Summer, on their removal to their country reſidence, found her equally attentive. The buſineſs of a conſiderable farm occupied much of Mrs. BUSTLE's attention; thither, as it was only diſtant from her habitation half a mile, ſhe directed her courſe every morning, and here all her powers of notability were diſplayed, in aſſiſting to ſalt pork and bacon with her own hands, in its proper ſeaſon, and to pot butter for winter uſe. She preſided over the hay-makers and reapers, in the routine of field buſineſs;—ſhe viſited the ſtables, and very frequently ſuperintended the grooms while they rubbed down the horſes; it has even been whiſpered by ſcandal, that ſhe has frequently ſnatched the curry-comb from the hands of the helper, and diſplayed the more dexterous uſe of it herſelf. In ſhort ſuch was her diligence, that ſhe never loſt an opportunity to ſhew her underſtanding ſuperiour to poor Mr. BUSTLE;—and indeed it is ſaid, that ſhe carried it ſo far, as to inſiſt on his preaching no ſermons, but thoſe of her own compoſition; in which, ſo far from adopting the Mahometan idea, that women have no ſouls, the general term, mankind, was always omitted, and that of womankind adopted, as a word of much more dignity in its place.

The

The attention, however, ſhewn by Mrs. BUSTLE to improve the underſtanding of her huſband, and regulate his concerns, was not confined to theſe alone; his health became equally a ſubject of her *conſiderate* affection; and by her ſtrict attention to his regimen, it underwent indeed a thorough change.—He had been accuſtomed to eat a reliſhing meal, and drink a chearful glaſs with a friend, at home or abroad, every day, previous to his ill adviſed marriage; but his attached wife immediately began to alarm his fears, and to predict fatal conſequences which would reſult from too little attention to his diet. She quoted, as an example worthy of imitation, her own abſtemious habits, which had enſured the perfect ſtate of health that ſhe enjoyed; and had preſerved the elegant ſymmetry of her ſhape, and the delicate whiteneſs of her complexion. She drew up in dreadful array, before his timid imagination, a long catalogue of diſeaſes acquired by indulgence, and avoided by temperance; until, partly from apprehenſion, partly from the neceſſity of ſubmitting to her ſway, this acquieſcing huſband reſtrained his appetite, and roſe daily from her frugal table with an empty ſtomach. So ſudden a change of regimen could not agree with his florid conſtitution; to avoid an apoplexy, he acquired a malady equally fatal in the end; and his impoveriſhed blood, in two years

after

after his marriage, reduced him to an atrophy, which terminated his painful exiſtence.

Such is the character of VIOLANTE, who ſtill exiſts, deſpiſed by the men, ſhunned and deteſted by her own ſex;—condemned to linger away the remainder of her life in painful ſolitude; where ſhe has the leiſure to reflect on the fallacy of imaginary accompliſhments, and natural ſenſe unaſſiſted by a well-directed cultivation.

As we are generally unwilling to ſubmit to cenſures, which there is any poſſibility of eluding, the gloomier criminal, we find, wiſhes to reſolve the cauſe of his enormities into ſome original ferocity and exceſs of paſſion; while the lighter frailties of conduct and temper, the odious eccentricities of moral character are uſually deduced from inſtinctive qualities of the heart, or from ſome natural imbecility of intellect.

But without referring to any depravity or degeneracy of human nature, which is often done with an irreverence almoſt bordering on blaſphemy, education, even ſlightly inveſtigated, will ever be found expoſed to corruptions, perverſions, and deficiencies, amply ſufficient to account for all the vices that raiſe

our

our abhorrence, for all the fantaſtic ſingularities which provoke our deriſion, and for all the diſguſting follies which we loath and nauſeate. Thus far, indeed, we may apologize for many frailties of character, that although not naturally implanted in the ſoul, they are yet interwoven into its tender texture at a period which far precedes the maturity of diſcretion. The body is the frequent victim of phyſical diſtemperatures, which are hereditary; and the mind is often the involuntary, perhaps the unconſcious ſlave of abſurd habits and prejudices, which it imbibes before it has attained the powers of diſcrimination and rejection. In literature and ſcience that complex quality, which paſſes under the name of *good ſenſe*, is deſervedly eſteemed a moſt important and valuable requiſite for an author; ſince without this, his wit is apt to degenerate into frenzy, and erudition ſupplies him only with the materials of abſurdity. In the conduct of life this quality may be reckoned fairly equivalent to all the other accompliſhments of nature and art put together. For want of this the proſelytes of vanity and affectation, ſolicit ridicule and averſion, by a thouſand meretricious appearances; vivacity deviates into all the inconſiſtencies and extravagant follies of coquetry; while gravity ſinks into ſtudied and ſyſtematic impropriety. Without this, female charms and qualifications rebound, like ill-managed

weapons,

weapons, on the boſoms of their miſtreſs; genius ſerves merely to plan the caſtles of folly, and fortune only to raiſe its monſtrous ſuperſtructures.

Perhaps it may be eaſier to explain in a negative manner, this virtue of good ſenſe, this regulating prudence, which conducts us along the true line of propriety and rectitude in every ſocial department, than to aſcertain its reality and nature by any poſitive definitions. The defect of this principle has been already fully illuſtrated to my readers in the perſon of Mrs. BUSTLE; and I ſhall leave them to contemplate its active influence, as exemplified in a ſlightly ſketched character of my friend Sir Henry Mortimer.

Endowed by nature with a bright and penetrating genius, and adorned with all the advantages of a liberal education, Sir HENRY MORTIMER has diligently and ſucceſsfully exerted himſelf in diffuſing among ſociety thoſe refined ſtudies of literature and ſcience which add dignity to retirement, and inveſt opulence with happineſs. His encouragement and patronage have always been bountifully beſtowed in extending the influence, and in accelerating the progreſs of thoſe various inventions and artificial improvements, which eminently diſtinguiſh the preſent age, and which have diſtributed the means of general felicity in augmented proportions

proportions and over a wider ſurface of life. By induſtry well applied, and by regulations judiciouſly introduced, he ſees his private affairs in a flouriſhing ſituation, while each ſurrounding ſcene reflects the gleams of his proſperity. Far from reviewing his paſt life with any painful or gloomy ſenſations, the conſciouſneſs of benevolence uſefully exerted, diffuſes a conſolatory ray over the chequered proſpects of mortality. Inſtead of being conſidered as an uſeleſs or inſignificant companion, as a burthen to the community, as regardleſs of private and ſocial welfare; he views himſelf in the ſeaſon of declining life, encircled by friends, who applaud his prudence and wiſdom, and who acknowledge and venerate his virtues. He is grown old, with the delightful ſatisfaction of beholding his ſalutary ſchemes generally attended with ſucceſs; and of being hailed by all who know him, with the honourable diſtinction of a moſt active and zealous philanthropiſt.

NUMBER XXXII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1795.

Μάντι κακῶν, ὐ πώποτέ μοι τὸ κρήγυον εἶπας·
Αἰεί τοι τὰ κάκ' ἐστι φίλα φρεσὶ μαντεύεσθαι·

(HOMER.)

" *Augur accurſt! denouncing miſchief ſtill;*
" *Prophet of plagues! forever boding ill!*"

POPE.

I Have often remarked with equal wonder, and regret, that, notwithſtanding the ſorrows and vexations of life are already ſufficiently not to ſay too numerous, many perſons, inattentive to their own happineſs, daily torture invention, that they may diſcover new ſyſtems of miſery, and render the yoke

of life ſtill more galling; while their unfounded and unavailing complain s, diſturb the peace of ſociety, and embitter not only that little portion of felicity, which Providence has infuſed into their cup, but alſo into that of their neighbours.

To this failing of the human mind, ſatiriſts, divines, and philoſophers have in every age directed their attention; have attacked it with the arguments of reaſon, or have expoſed it to the ſhafts of ridicule. An ingenious writer has amongſt other juſt reflections obſerved, that he, who can ſenſibly view the favourable, rather than the unfavourable ſide of affairs, poſſeſſes an advantage equivalent to an annual income of ten thouſand pounds. But whatever may have been the opinion of eminent writers on the ſubject, the malady ſtill continues, ſtill increaſes in a double ratio with the luxury, effeminacy, and profligacy of the times, with the ſubjects which furniſh materials for its meditation.

The truth of the Fabuliſt's obſervation, "*Fortunæ quiſque faber eſt ſuæ*," will to a certain extent be generally admitted. With fewer exceptions, however, and with ampler latitude, it may be remarked, that man is the author of his perſonal happineſs.—

External

External contingencies, which no human ſagacity could foreſee, and caſual obſtacles, which if foreſeen, no human abilities could have removed, may often, it is true, diſconcert the wiſeſt plans, and ſuſpend the progreſs of the beſt conducted operations: But fortune does not extend this dominion over the mind; over thoſe ſyſtems of well regulated paſſions, and thoſe acquired habits of opinion and of action, which enliven the moſt humble ſcenes of life with the ſmiles of happineſs; and without which the palaces of the great and affluent, can prove only the receptacles of oſtentatious folly and glittering wretchedneſs.

Reflections like theſe, I am apprehenſive, may ſeem too nearly related to the auſtere doctrines of the PORTICO—the reſidence of a philoſophic ſect, whoſe reaſoning on human actions, the general ſubjects of moral ſcience, forms the moſt illuſtrious and diſintereſted ſcheme of heathen virtue; and yet they may juſtly be reprehended for an extravagant and impracticable theory;—for a wild and romantic abſtraction from the common circumſtances and ſituations of life. I ſhall not therefore attempt to enforce by argumentative deduction. the dependence of our happineſs on mental reſources; nor ſhall I explain with didactic formality, in what manner, and in what de-

gree, we may acquire it, by cultivating its internal principles. I wave ſuch diſcuſſions, which when carried too far, may be conſidered as the undigeſted ideas of a viſionary recluſe. It may not prove, however, an attempt wholly unuſeful or unentertaining to point out the method of accumulating artificial uneaſineſs; to repel, by the influence of example, the attacks of ideal pains and ſelf taught wretchedneſs; or to exhibit to the obſervations of my readers ſome of thoſe characters, which diſturb both private and ſocial happineſs, by fantaſtic ſenſibility, vexatious complaint, and gloomy prognoſtication.

With this ſpecies of prophetic philoſophers, diſtinguiſhed by their fretful peculiarities of diſpoſition, and their talents for ominous predictions, almoſt every country is alike infeſted. The origin of their inſtitution belongs to a period of very remote antiquity, and is extended far beyond the memory of authentic annals:—But tho' their opinions and tenets, like the ſeverer dogmas of the various philoſophic caſts, have no doubt undergone conſiderable alterations by the revolution of ages; yet the grand eſſential principles of the fraternity ſtill exiſt unimpaired. An uniformity of character has hitherto been preſerved, and the ſtriking family features remain unvaried, and

as

as eaſily diſcoverable as the inſtinctive qualities of thoſe croaking foreboders, whoſe predictions of ſhowers and tempeſts are noticed by the Latin Poet, in the following lines,

" *Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,*
" *Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena* "

VIRGIL.

Impending ſtorms the ſullen crow explores,
And hoarſely cawing roams the lonely ſhores.

From this feathered tribe, the Sect of which I am ſpeaking, has derived a title, which if not the moſt flattering to its vanity, is ſurely applied with great propriety to its congenial propenſities.

A Croaker takes peculiar pleaſure in propheſying misfortune, in raiſing ſolicitude and alarm by abſurd fancies, and viſionary horrours. When Julius Cæſar had paſſed the Rubicon, and approached towards Rome, his march conjured up thouſands of ghaſtly Phantoms in the imaginations of this Sect. Their dreams, and the fatal impreſſions which thoſe dreams made on the public mind, are diſplayed by Lucan, in a maſterly ſtyle of deſcription.

Hiſtory has ſince taught us their effect, and thus confirmed the teſtimony of the Poet. The Romans loſt that energy of character, which their anceſtors had diſplayed in ſo noble a manner after the defeat at Cannæ, when Annibal thundered at their gates:—Such impreſſion did this Sect make on the inhabitants of Rome; and ſuch was the general tendency then, and muſt always be of their exertions. Where a Croaker prevails, activity is relaxed by deſpair,—enterpriſe is repreſſed by exaggerated difficulties,—ſucceſs is rendered fruitleſs by jealouſy,—and the pleaſures of ſecurity are embittered by affected whiſpers of groundleſs danger. Beſides the train of common occurrencies which ſupply him with ample materials and opportunities to diſplay his talents for croaking, the extraordinary Phænomena of the natural World paſs not unnoticed; and the dreary creations of legendary ſuperſtition are not unfrequently called in to his aſſiſtance.

What an exhauſtleſs ſubject of portentous conjecture, of eventful prognoſtication and gloomy alarm the appearance of a Comet, or the Aurora Borealis ſuggeſts to the extravagant fancy?

'*As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,*
'*On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din*
'*Incontinent*; *and buſy frenzy talks,*
'*Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,*
'*And late, at night in ſwallowing earthquakes ſunk,*
'*Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame*;
'*Of ſallow famine, inundations, ſtorms*;
'*Of peſtilence and every great diſtreſs*;
'*Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck*
'*Th' unalterable hour*; *even nature's ſelf,*
'*Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.*'

(THOMSON.)

It is difficult to explain by what abſurd motives a mind can be actuated, which ſeems to take a pleaſure in moleſting the tranquillity of others, while it is, at the ſame time, the inevitable and conſcious victim of its own uneaſineſs. To a perſon of this diſpoſition, the ſeaſons of life, in every ſituation, fleet away gloomy and unenjoyed. In vain does elevated rank laviſh its honours, and riches ſupply their magnificence. In vain does the city ſpread its circles of gaiety, and retirement its ſilence and leiſure. Like the crying philoſopher, he weeps all the day for future evils; and cenſures the world for that miſery and confuſion which exiſt only in his own diſordered brain.

The

The diſcontented *Miſerio*, from a long indulgence of this unaccountable paſſion, has arrived at the age of fifty, hated by many, and beloved by none. He owns, himſelf, that he has ſcarcely enjoyed one pleaſant hour; and that his days have conſtantly paſſed away in anxiety, and fruitleſs prognoſtication. The retroſpect of life can give him no pleaſure; and the proſpect before him affords nothing but terrour. He blames himſelf, every moment, for the time which he has waſted; but by his conduct this hour lays up a ſource of repentance for the next. *Miſerio*, notwithſtanding, was formerly endowed with as good a diſpoſition, and certainly with much greater means for enjoying the world than that which commonly falls to the ſhare of mankind in general.

At an early period of life *Miſerio* ſucceeded to an extenſive eſtate; he poſſeſſed a mind well framed by nature, and embelliſhed by an elegant education; his manſion was the conſtant reſort of affluence and gaiety. But with all theſe eminent talents, and with all the requiſites, apparently ſufficient for conſtituting human felicity, *Miſerio* felt himſelf the gradual victim of uneaſineſs and diſcontent. For of what utility are all external conveniencies, when unaccompanied with mental quiet and ſatisfaction? His days of happineſs have

have long ſince diſappeared: Their momentary gleams were ſoon eclipſed by the clouds of diſappointment. Soon convinced of the imperfections of human bliſs, inſtead of making a proper uſe of this conviction, he applied it rather to enlarge the miſeries than to remedy the inconveniencies of life: He did not bear with fortitude and reſignation thoſe evils, which are inſeparable from humanity: Hope had but a ſlight prevalence in his boſom: He did not conſider, that the cloud which hovered over his head, might be inſtantaneouſly diſperſed by providence; or might be ſuffered to diſcharge its tempeſt at a diſtance: Inſtead of looking forward to pleaſures, *Miſerio* enumerated diſappointments: Inſtead of oppoſing and redreſſing the vexations of the world, he made them more oppreſſive by complaint, and more numerous by unmanly conceſſion. His diſguſt at every thing preſent, and his apprehenſions of impending evils, blocked up every inlet of private happineſs; while they rendered him odious and tormenting in the general intercourſe of ſociety.

From ſimilarity of principles and of perſonal diſpoſition, from reciprocal attraction of correſponding ſentiments, we behold mankind, in every country, forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, diverſified

perhaps

perhaps with reſpect to their natures and inſtitutions, in a proportion almoſt equal to their multiplicity. The motives of ſuch combinations may indeed be uſually traced into ſome original ſource of intereſt, happineſs, or pleaſure; ſince theſe are the grand ſprings which actuate the machinery of human life in its confined and trivial, as well as in its moſt extended and important movements: But as theſe objects of aſſociation are ſought by a thouſand various modes, too often erroneouſly adopted, we may frequently ſee diſappointment clouding the proſpects of joy, miſchief ſupplanting the ſchemes of utility, and miſery involving the expectations of happineſs, founded on ſuch ſocial intercourſe.

Theſe obſervations might be abundantly exemplified in thoſe numerous clubs, which ſpring from the love of pernicious amuſement or of vicious luxury; in the calumnious meetings of the Goſſip, or the frolics of the Bacchanal; on the race-courſe, at Newmarket, or in the deſperate circles of the gaming table.

But from the character and converſation of a ſociety, to which I was one evening lately introduced by an acquaintance, whom I have already diſguiſed under

under the name of *Miſerio*, I was convinced that thoſe little aſſemblies may often be inſtituted merely from ſimilarity of diſpoſition, without any views of promoting hilarity and pleaſure. The individuals, who compoſed this gloomy group, were eminently diſtinguiſhed by a ſpirit of croaking, and had gradually formed themſelves, from a reſemblance of their tempers and prejudices, into a ſort of regular club, where they could advantageouſly diſplay their favourite talents; and where they ſeemed to enjoy a prepoſterous ſatisfaction in accumulating complaints, in recounting misfortunes, and in publiſhing their diſmal prophecies and forebodings. Like venomous reptiles they ſeemed to ſuck poiſon from each ſalutary ſubſtance; and like the Highland Seer, their viſions of impending events were conſtantly overcaſt with death and diſaſter. Over every ſubject ſtarted in converſation, the harmonizing fancies of each individual member diffuſed a deepened gloom. Their alarms, their apprehenſions, their ſympathies of diſſatisfaction, were all aggravated by mutual communication. And as the brighteſt ſparkles of wit often iſſue from the colliſions of convivial gaiety; ſo here, what ſolitary penſiveneſs could never have performed, was eaſily accompliſhed by the concentrated powers of ſadneſs.

While

While one brother of the club descanted upon the miseries and misfortunes of mortality, with the cheerless despondence of an anchorite;—another inveighed against the degeneracy and corruption of modern manners, with the sullen moroseness of a puritan. While one industriously disguised the blemishes of our forefathers, and lavished on former generations those virtues which they never possessed;—another finished the contrasted picture by loading the present age with accusations of imaginary crimes, by elaborate extenuation of its merits, and by uncandid misrepresentations of its advantages. A member, who boasted a smattering of astronomical knowledge, predicted the conflagration of the earth from the irregular revolution of one comet; while he foresaw an extraordinary severity of winter, a chaos of inundations, tempests, and storms, in the future approaches of another. To second the influence of such hideous denunciations, a miserable comforter informed the club, from the result of some mineralogical calculations, that the coal mines of the kingdom were nearly exhausted; and that after the lapse of a few years the seasons, however rigorous, must be encountered by nations deprived of their usual resources for fuel. A sectary, tinctured with some astrological fooleries, descried in the signal occurrencies of the present period,

riod, unqeſtionable ſymptoms of a ſudden diſſolution of the univerſe;—while a politician ſaw the certain downfal of nations, involved in the progreſs of luxury; and actually ſcattered diſmay over the whole aſſembly by his dreary repreſentations of public debt, accumulating taxes, and certain ruin.

Such is a ſlight ſketch of the dialogues, which occupied the attention of this inauſpicious ſociety; and which inſtead of diſſipating its gloomy humours, by the genuine influence of ſprightly and agreeable converſe, ſerved only to augment its wretchedneſs, by the co-operative forces of irritable and fantaſtic melancholy.

The characters, to whoſe acquaintance I was thus introduced, though probably diſcriminated in ſome of their minuter features, coincide however in their general outlines. Their tempers, their failings, and their abſurdities, have a ſtriking reſemblance of complexion. And a tolerable judgment of the whole ſociety may be formed, from a view of the conduct and manners of *Miſerio*, exhibited in a former part of this paper. His ſpirit is the predominant ſpirit of the fraternity: His picture is the model of his fellow

fellow members:—as the craftineſs of Sinon, the Greek, was eſteemed a general characteriſtic of national diſpoſition.

NUMBER XXXIII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1795.

'*The Gods, to curſe Belinda with her pray'rs,*
'*Gave the gilt coach, the dappled Flanders mares.*

(POPE.)

THE two following letters came to hand by the ſame poſt, and have given me an opportunity of acquieſcing with the wiſh of both parties, by publiſhing their caſe to the World. Mr. Duffil's ſentiments are thoſe of a wiſe man who would form a connection in his family ſubſervient to their intereſt and welfare. Miſs Dolly Duffil may reſt ſatisfied that her true happineſs depends upon her obedience to her uncle. Were ſhe to enter into the family of Lord

Raffle, even enriched with all the wealth which ſhe expects, ſhe would meet with endleſs mortifications from that noble family, which courts her in her preſent moments. Their avarice being gratified at the expence of their pride, that pride would induce them to deſpiſe and perhaps treat her with indignity and neglect. I, therefore, recommend it to the young lady to deſcend from her altitudes, to conform her ideas to her ſituation in life, and to contract her ſoaring wiſhes within the compaſs which nature intended. That her perverted notions repreſent Mr. Abraham Alley to be 'ugly, awkward, diſguſting, intolerable, hateful,' is by no means a convincing proof to me, that he *is* ſo; and I muſt take the liberty of informing her, that he is a far more ſuitable huſband for her birth and pretenſions, than a Peer of the Realm.

To be truly happy, let her diveſt her weak imagination of the oſtentatious folly which would miſlead her into the fatal paths of worldly miſery; let her beſtow her hand upon the man who will know how to value it, and reſign her reverſionary fortune to the protection of him, who, inſtead of laviſhing it on vice and diſſipation, will ſhare it with her, during their joint exiſtence, with prudence and œconomy, and tranſmit it, unimpaired, to their poſterity. O.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'I AM one of thoſe unfortunate beings 'whom a ſtate of dependance renders wretched; 'young and handſome, I am formed by nature to 'receive and diſpenſe happineſs wherever I go:—but, 'alas! I am doomed to the moſt abject ſlavery; and 'for the acquiſition of that fortune which will en- 'able me, when I arrive at its poſſeſſion, to live in 'elegance and taſte, I am daily obliged to ſubmit to the 'caprice of thoſe, who have no enjoyment remaining, 'but that which is derived from power and wealth.

'Left young by parents who died in my infancy, I 'devolved to the guardianſhip of an uncle, a rich 'Tradeſman, in the City. Money has ever been his 'darling paſſion, and that of his wife, whom he mar- 'ried for the large ſhare which ſhe contributed to his 'principal; and it has been their invariable rule, mu- 'tually to go hand in hand, in the taſk of accumu- 'lating, by the moſt parſimonious attention, that for- 'tune, which, when once become mine by inhe- 'ritance, ſhall repay me liberally for the ſtate of abject 'ſervitude in which I now live.

'I have half a hundred ſuitors, ready candidates 'for my hand, at the very moment the good old ſouls

'ſhall depart to everlaſting reſt; yet they are none of 'them to my taſte, they are all natives of the City, and 'as well verſed in the accompliſhment of accumulating 'money as my uncle:—But I ſoar above their vulgar 'notions, and glory in acknowledging that I only 'covet wealth to purchaſe with it thoſe pleaſures 'which are neceſſary to my happineſs, and from 'which I have been hitherto ſo cruelly debarred.

'I left ſchool about a twelvemonth ago, and have 'been completely miſerable ever ſince, for I live 'cooped up in Threadneedle-Street all the Winter 'months; our Summer's reſidence is at Mile-End, 'where we remove in May, for Country air, and 'there am I kept pinned to my aunt's apron ſtring, 'and permitted no liberty at all. My employment is 'chiefly to read the Pſalms and Chapters after break-'faſt, and the News-paper, advertiſements and all, to 'my aunt, who never does any thing on earth, but 'take ſnuff, becauſe ſhe ſays her eyes fail her. I wiſh 'to Heaven they did, ſhe then would not plague me 'from morning to night to hold up my head, and to ſit 'even in my chair, for although arrived to the age of 'ſeventy, ſhe is as erect in her perſon as a girl of 'fifteen, and much more ſo than I chooſe to appear, 'who am ambitious to acquire the toniſh ſlouch. At 'Twelve, both in Town and Country, the chariot

'comes

'comes punctually to the door, and conveys us about 'three miles, on a dusty road, for the benefit of the air, 'and the old coach horses, which only creep on in one 'droning pace, heed not the fat coachman's restraint, 'but mechanically turn round just time enough to 'escape a turnpike, by which, I conclude, we daily 'save two-pence. During this charming recreation, 'my aunt preaches a sermon, extempore, upon the 'behaviour of young women, offering herself as a 'model of perfection, and advising me to tread in her 'steps. I, well knowing how vain contradiction or 'expostulation would be, by silence give consent to all 'her nonsensical doctrines, which commonly lulls the 'old lady into a comfortable nap, so durable and 'sound, that her eyes are closed until the sudden stop 'of the carriage, and well known door bell, rouse her 'to recollection;—at dinner we are joined by my uncle, 'whose temper is jocose or sour, according to the news 'which he has picked up on 'Change; if City transactions 'shall have been prosperous, he chucks me under the 'chin, and tells me I shall one day be Lady Mayoress; 'but when things go on wrong, I am sure to feel the 'effects of his disappointments,—my dress is too flaunty, 'my eyes are too bold, and my manners too affected.

'The worst circumstance, however, which attends 'me is, that whether pleased or displeased, he has

'fixed my fate in marriage, and my future husband is, 'in every respect his counterpart, except in age. Mr. 'Abraham Alley, who has accumulated a hundred 'thousand pounds, by the elegant business of a Broker, 'is the distinguished personage to whom I, in the 'bloom of seventeen, heiress to a hundred more, 'am to be sacrificed; but to own the truth, Mr. 'RANGER, I shall submit to no such indignity;— 'thanks to a Boarding-school education, and the 'friendships I formed there, my ideas are not of the 'same groveling nature as my uncle's.

'I have a right to expect advancement in life, and 'will never unite to a Mechanic the hand which is 'courted by a Lord.—Yes, Mr. RANGER, a Lord, '—young, handsome, and fashionable!—Lady Sophia 'Simper, who was placed, like me, under the care of 'Mrs. Prim, at Hackney, took suddenly a violent 'fancy for me.—Indeed, at my first entrance into the 'seminary, she tossed her head with disdain, but upon 'discovering that my fortune gave me high preten- 'sions, she honoured me with her perfect confidence, 'and told me, that she wished for nothing so ardently 'as to call me sister, by my marriage with her eldest 'brother, Lord Viscount Squander.—To prove her sin- 'cerity, she entrusted me with the secret of her own 'engagement to Captain Dangle, which confirmed

'our

'our friendſhip, and made us boſom friends. It was 'from this charming young woman of quality that I 'learnt elegance of dreſs and addreſs; ſhe opened my 'eyes to a ſenſibility of my own conſequence, in- 'ſpired me with a taſte for faſhion and high life, and 'in ſhort, gave me a perfect abhorrence to City men 'and City manners. With ſentiments ſo enlarged I 'can never accept the overtures of Mr. Alley, and ſo, 'indeed, I told my uncle, when he propoſed the vulgar 'wretch to me, apprizing him at the ſame time of the 'chance which I had of becoming a Counteſs, if I ſhould 'continue to cultivate the intimacy that I had formed 'with Lady Sophia. Would you think, Mr. RANGER, 'that an idea of an alliance which ſhould have filled 'him with proper pride, put him into a violent 'paſſion?—He was barbarous enough to prohibit my 'keeping up any acquaintance with her Ladyſhip; 'and wicked enough to ſwear by all that was ſacred, 'that if I dared to marry Lord Squander, without his 'conſent, which I might reſt aſſured never could be 'obtained, he would leave all his money to Hoſpitals, 'rather than the fruits of his honeſt induſtry ſhould 'contribute to pay for the extravagance of a ſpend- 'thrift Peer. Is this vulgar prejudice to be borne, 'Mr. RANGER, by a young woman of ſpirit, who is 'old enough to judge for herſelf?—I paſſed one week 'laſt Autumn, at the Earl of Raffle's, where my

'friend

'friend introduced her charming brother to me, who 'almoſt inſtantly became my profeſſed lover. Here, 'Mr. RANGER, I was treated with as much reſpect 'as if I had been equal to the family in birth.—The 'attention of the whole houſe was ſuch as I never be-'fore met with. The father, the mother, the ſiſters, 'and the brothers, all vied to render every hour de-'lightful, and delightful enough it was,—a perfect 'Heaven on Earth.

'I could not turn around my little head but co-'ronets danced before my eyes by day and night;— 'the chairs, the plate, the carriages, and even linen, 'were all decorated with this enviable diſtinction. 'The drawing-room was hung with full length por-'traits of the Anceſtors of this noble family, of each 'Peer and Peereſs habited in crimſon robes trimmed 'with ermine, and holding in their hands the precious 'record of Nobility.

'As I ſtood gazing at theſe great perſonages, Lord 'Squander, who was cloſe at my ſide, took my hand, 'and raiſing it tenderly to his lips, whiſpered, "What "a beautiful Counteſs will you make, Miſs Duffil, "when I ſhall have the honor of placing your pic-"ture, hereafter, in this apartment!" My heart beat 'reſponſive to his wiſhes, and I am ſure I ſhall run

'mad

'mad if I ſhall not be permitted to accept ſuch a bril-
'liant offer. But then, Mr. RANGER, my uncle is a fool,
'—and above all an obſtinate one, and if ſome kind
'mediator ſhall not change his ſentiments in my favour
'I am a loſt woman; for Lord Squander has aſſured
'me he has too nice a ſenſe of honor to marry me
'without my uncle's conſent. However, I will be as
'ſtubborn as himſelf, and neither will become the wife
'of Mr. Alley, or accept of any huſband of my uncle's
'choice. Can I, who have taſted the enchanting ſplen-
'dour of high life, deſcend to be the houſehold drudge
'of a ſordid wretch, who knowing only how to gain
'and to accumulate pelf, is ignorant of its true value,
'and who, incapable of applying it to the ſole pur-
'poſe for which it is worth obtaining, hoards it up
'to enrich future generations of idiots like himſelf.

'Now, Mr. RANGER, both my uncle and aunt
'are partial to your publication, and I often read
'it aloud to them. I, therefore, entreat you, Sir,
'to endeavour to reconcile them, by ſome of your
'wiſe arguments, to a proper ſenſe of things;—rouſe
'my uncle's dormant pride, and convince him that a
'noble alliance in his family will place him in a
'more reſpectable point of light, than grubbing on,
'ſurrounded by a ſet of low connections which never
'can do him credit:—Let him unite his niece to a

'man

'man of quality who adores her, and let him awaken
'to the ſatisfaction of mixing with perſons of title
'and diſtinction, and of ſeeing ſome of his hoarded
'gold ſhining on a ſideboard, or figuring in various
'forms more enchanting than uſeleſs guineas.—Indeed
'it is perfect Idolatry to worſhip ſuch imagery.

'The life which I lead is worſe than that of a galley
'ſlave; I am not permitted to do any thing which I like,
'and deprived of liberty both of mind and body. The
'company kept by my aunt is not adapted to the ſphere
'of elegance in which nature deſigned me to move.
'The only party that ſhe ever admits, or indeed which
'can claim the honour of her acquaintance, con-
'ſiſts of the wives, ſiſters, and daughters of wholeſale
'ſhop-keepers; with theſe ſhe ſometimes ſits down to a
'rubber at whiſt, for ſixpences, while I am obliged to ſit
'by to entertain the reſt of the company. Is it not ſhock-
'ing, Mr. RANGER, that a young woman, accuſ-
'tomed to the converſation of Lady Mary's and Lady
'Betty's, ſhould be doomed to aſſociate with a ſet of
'vulgar Miſſes, who know not a ſoul beyond Tem-
'ple-Bar.—Mr. Alley is too frequently invited to
'theſe ſelect circles, when he diſguſts me by his ful-
'ſome compliments and odious attentions. He ſticks
'himſelf cloſe to my chair, moves as I move, and
'haunts me round the room:—Then his converſation

'is

'is as unpoliſhed as his figure,—"You would look "ſweetly, to-night, Miſs Dolly, if you would not put on "that ſulky frown, but I know what it means, you "flout that I may follow;—I'm true of heart, and ready "to go to Church with you any day in the week, and "the ſooner the better,—faſt bind, faſt find, I ſay!"

'Oh, how unlike the elegant addreſſes of Lord 'Squander!—His compliments are ſo delicate,—his 'language ſo pathetic,—his ſentiments ſo tender.

'Lady Sophia correſponds with me by the Penny-'Poſt, and with all the ardour of friendſhip preſſes me 'to paſs ſome time with her in Berkley-Square.—'Yeſterday I received a folio ſheet, which tho' full 'of her own private affairs, as ſhe deigns to make me 'her confidante, left room for a poſtcript, which con-'tained the following lines:

"WHY does the moſt charming of women ſequeſter "her beauty from that world of faſhion which ſhe "was deſigned to adorn?—Let not a gem ſo pre-"cious become the property of one ignorant of its "value.—Come then, divine creature, and brighten "our hemiſphere with the celeſtial radiance of "thoſe eyes, without whoſe preſence the world "appears a deſert to the devoted

"SQUANDER."

'Oh,

'Oh, Mr. RANGER, is not this eloquent confeſſion 'of my noble lover's ſentiments ſufficient to warrant the 'warmeſt gratitude in return?—If my uncle and aunt 'could have the leaſt grain of tenderneſs and com-'paſſion in their natures, could they perſevere in the 'rejection of ſuch a pleader?—For pity's ſake draw up 'my unfortunate caſe, under feigned names, and 'urge ſome of your rational arguments in my favour; 'you will, by gratifying my requeſt, perform an act 'of juſtice and humanity, and may conduce to the 'happineſs of two beings who muſt be wretched if 'cruelly ſeparated from each other. Lord Squander's 'paſſion, I am perſuaded, is diſintereſted, he loves me 'for myſelf, and but for his father, would willingly 'unite himſelf to me without a fortune;—this his 'Lordſhip has declared more than once, appealing to 'Heaven as witneſs of his ſincerity; and who can 'doubt the word of ſo handſome, ſo accompliſhed a 'Nobleman.

'I remain, SIR,

'In the moſt anxious ſtate of expectation,

'Your obedient, and I hope to add in future,

'Moſt obliged Correſpondent,

'DOROTHY DUFFIL.'

'To

'To the RANGER.

'Sir,

'I HAVE waited with impatience 'for the renewal of your publication, having for ſome 'time been determined to apply for your aſſiſtance, 'towards remedying a very unpleaſant circumſtance 'in my family.

'I have gained by induſtry, and accumulated by 'prudence, no inconſiderable property in the Stocks, 'which I wiſh to place in ſecure hands at my de-'ceaſe, and that of my wife. My only brother, and 'indeed relation, left an orphan daughter to my care, 'whom we have endeavoured to bring up with ſo-'lidity and ſound principle, deſigning her to inherit 'our fortune, and to ſhare it with ſome young man 'on whoſe conduct I could rely.

'Dolly is a handſome girl, and was a very dutiful 'one until ſhe became acquainted, at ſchool, with a 'fine lady of quality, who, in the courſe of ſix 'months, has totally perverted my niece, both in mind 'and body. She returned to Mrs. Prim's Academy, 'after the Summer holidays, an honeſt, open-hearted, 'merry laſs, proud of having gained her aunt's 'applauſe for the completion of my beſt ſhirts, in the

'neateſt

'neateſt plain work.—She came home at Chriſtmas 'quite a different being!—I ſhould tell you that her 'governeſs wrote me word, at Buxton, whither I was 'gone, with my wife, for the benefit of my health, 'that Dolly had retained, after the meaſles, an ugly 'cough, which required change of air, and that ſhe 'had permitted Miſs to accompany the daughter of 'the Earl of Raffle, for a fortnight, to their country 'ſeat, as Lady Sophia had taken a great fancy to 'Dolly. This was a circumſtance which rather 'troubled us, as we are downright people, Mr. 'RANGER, and have neither wiſhes nor pretenſions 'to mix with great folks. We, therefore, as it was 'too late to prevent this viſit, attempted only to ſhorten 'it, and ſent an order for Dolly's return to ſchool 'at the expiration of the firſt week; adding, that if 'further change of air ſhould be abſolutely neceſſary, 'ſhe might go to my wife's couſin, at Harrow. We 'ſoon heard, however, that Dolly was ſo much re-'covered by the climate of Bedfordſhire, that ſhe 'preferred returning to ſchool with Lady Sophy, to 'the Harrow expedition. The girl verily loſt her 'cough, and with it loſt all reliſh for private life and 'uſeful employments.

'On her arrival in Town, at Chriſtmas, we ob-'ſerved the ſtriking alteration in her whole figure and 'deportment.

'deportment.—Her dreſs was flaunty, her counte-
'nance aſſured, and her innocent gaiety was replaced
'by ſullen ſilence, affected conſequence, or imper-
'tinent remonſtrance.

'She affronted all her former companions, de-
'claring, that her intimacy with her dear Lady
'Sophia, made her ſee every body and every thing in
'a different light;—her ſentiments were now refined,
'and ſhe had taſted high life ſufficiently to make her
'determined to prefer ſolitude to bad company. She
'had the aſſurance to propoſe my quitting buſineſs,
'and ſetting up for a gentleman at the Court end of
'the Town; declaring that my preſent fortune was
'enough to ſatisfy all her wiſhes, and that it was ab-
'ſolutely needful ſhe ſhould be introduced into the
'world by people of faſhion:—that Lady Raffle had
'promiſed to chaperon her to all the places of polite
'amuſement, and had undertaken to gain her a wel-
'come reception every where. Thus the wench ran
'on, and I muſt confeſs, Mr. RANGER, put me into
'ſo d——d a paſſion, that I could have abſolutely
'beaten her, had not a gouty attack in my great toe
'fixed me to my chair. It is impoſſible to enumerate
'all the occaſions of vexation which ſhe daily gives me,
'however, I am reſolutely determined to break off
'her intercourſe with her right honorable play-mate:

'But

'But there is ſtill a worſe conſequence that I dread from 'this fatal acquaintance, which has more ſcheme in 'it than mere friendſhip. The young lady has a 'young Lord for a brother, who is a young ſpend-'thrift, to whom Dolly's reputed fortune would be 'very welcome;—no other motive would induce 'ſuch a fine gentleman to walk into the City for a 'wife; I ſee their drift and muſt do all that I can 'to counteract their cunning.

'Shall the honeſt earnings of three prudent gener-'ations, be laviſhed on idleneſs, extravagance, and 'oſtentation,—only to make my niece a fine lady, 'and what is more, an unhappy one? for when once 'her fortune ſhall be in their clutches, ſhe will 'probably be deſpiſed for her low origin and humble 'connections.

'I have told this diſobedient child that I will have 'no alliance whatever with Nobility, but where I 'beſtow my money, I will be abſolute in the choice 'of a guardian both for her and it. I have fixed 'on a worthy, pains taking young man, who 'will never diſſipate my property after my death.— 'Him the jade ſhall marry, or be diſinherited, this I 'have aſſured her;—but, forſooth, Mr. Alley is ugly, 'awkward, diſguſting, intolerable, hateful, only be-'cauſe

'cauſe the object of her vanity and pride is a Lord,
'and a very fine gentleman:—But I'll conquer her
'rebellious ſpirit, and force her to obedience, or break
'her fooliſh heart.

'She is ſuddenly become wonderfully partial to
'your work, Mr. RANGER, and praiſes you to the
'ſkies, declaring you to be an oracle of wiſdom.—
'This ſentiment of her's in your favour has ſtruck me
'with an idea that poſſibly ſome advice offered thro'
'you, may have an effect which all my arguments
'cannot gain. Endeavour to perſuade her that a
'marriage of equality can only enſure happineſs;
'and that her beauty alone, without a large portion,
'would never tempt a man of quality and of the
'world to make his addreſſes to a girl of low con-
'nections. I know Lord Squander to be a rake and
'gameſter, by character, and his father to be a needy
'Earl with a large family to provide for, which he
'would be glad to do with the aſſiſtance of my
'purſe:—But not a guinea ſhall they obtain of me,
'even ſhould my niece dare to marry among them,
'although ſhe ſhould ſtarve.

'By informing them of my unſhaken reſolution
'you will direct their courſe another way, and they
'will moleſt no more my peace. When Dolly ſhall

'be once convinced that Lord Squander's love is 'venal, her ſpirit will be rouſed, and in pure ſpite ſhe 'will conſent to marry Mr. Alley.

'I remain, SIR, with great deference,

'Your conſtant reader,

'And ſincere admirer,

'DAVID DUFFIL.'

NUMBER XXXIV.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1795.

"*At ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita.*"

(VIRGIL.)

Here no rude foes the peaceful hours annoy,
Or with deceit the plan of bliſs deſtroy.

WHILE Public Juſtice, by legal and equitable regulations, protects innocence, and puniſhes villainy; while it marks with unerring aim the more noted delinquencies, which diſarrange and diſturb the tranquillity of ſociety; numerous but ſmaller errours, militating in a leſs degree againſt the happineſs of mankind, eſcape its vigilance and elude its activity:—

Occupied with great objects alone, it abandons to the care of the Moraliſt and the Eſſay Writer, the charge of enforcing and ſupporting the inferiour duties of life. It has ever been conſidered as their province, to guard the heart from errour, to detect equally the glare of falſe grandeur, and to recommend to public attention the more ſober tints of domeſtic felicity: And happy indeed would it be for mankind, could the Moraliſt obtain that influence over their paſſions, which an attention to their intereſts ſeems to demand.

It is a matter, however, of ſerious conſideration, to reflect on the frequency of his diſappointment, who, too ſanguine in the purſuit, flatters himſelf idly with immediate ſucceſs: He will find himſelf not only diſappointed but chagrined by that wayward caprice, which marks human actions in general; and which will teach him, but too frequently, to his aſtoniſhment and mortification, that he has miſpent his time, and that every ſally of wit, or effort of invention has been prodigally waſted on a world both inattentive and ungrateful. Vice, like the Hydra, when one head has been lopped off, raiſes another againſt him:—Ambition, avarice, and the long catalogue of human infirmities ſtand forth in confederacy to overthrow his beſt arranged ſchemes, to take away their effect, and to diveſt his ſatire of its keeneſt ſting: Tired out

at

at length, he will be obliged to ſay with the Poet Horace, that maſter of the human heart,

Quid tibi dempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una.

Vain is the taſk to pluck out one deſign'd,
When many a feſt'ring thorn remains behind.

Indeed it is in vain for the Moraliſt to point out one folly, while he paſſes over many; which, although not ſo injurious to ſociety in general, are yet equally dangerous to the individual. In this chaos of contending paſſions and diſcordant intereſts, with which the world abounds, human acuteneſs is loſt, and the moſt logical head bewildered: As, when we behold the far extended proſpect, which knows only the horizon for its bounds, our faculty of ſight, although it may diſtinguiſh a conſiderable extent of country, only makes us regret the impoſſibility of beholding that which is yet concealed far beyond our view: While the ſatire of the Moraliſt ſhall expoſe one ſpecies of folly, another will eſcape unobſerved: and it will ever but too frequently be found, that the reformation of one heart has been attended with the loſs of another; and that we have only ſcared away for a time the folly, with the deſtruction of which we had flattered ourſelves in vain.

It is a matter of ſerious regret, and frequently noticed by the Philoſopher and Satiriſt, that great cities have contributed to the misfortune of which we complain: They have not only encouraged folly by the force of example, but varying daily its different ſpecies, have given it that Protean Verſatility, which renders it capable of eluding the ſhaft of the ſatiriſt. I leave the Political Philoſopher to diſcuſs the queſtion, how far the ſafety of a kingdom may be affected by the extenſion of its capital? or what influence a city ſo conſtructed may have on the agriculture, commerce, and circulation of a country? Thoſe are queſtions beyond the ſphere of the Moraliſt. The vulgar, on whom every thing great impoſes, will always admire immenſe cities, and extenſive capitals: But the Moraliſt conſiders them only as they affect the national manners and virtues, by the luxury which they introduce, or by the folly which they patronize. Ambition and the hopes of fortune may influence the adventurer, and induce him to prefer a reſidence in the capital. The Courtier may be attracted by his attendance on the Prince;—the Merchant by his Commerce;—or the Senator by his Parliamentary duty:—But the Moraliſt muſt always view with poignant regret and diſapprobation, the conduct of every country gentleman, who deſerts the antiquated manſion of his anceſtors, and under pre-

tence

tence of beſtowing an education on his children, of intereſting himſelf in the politics of the day, and of becoming a Patriot and a Stateſman, conſumes in tinſelled grandeur and idle vanity that revenue, in the courſe of a few years, by the due adminiſtration of which his reſpectable forefathers were always conſidered as the champions of old Engliſh hoſpitality. The broken gambler and the deceitful harpies of the town, view his arrival with ſecret ſatisfaction; and, concealed by the well laid ambuſh of reſpectful flattery, already mark him for their devoted victim.

In a former paper I have lamented the decay of thoſe venerable ſeats of feudal grandeur which by the ſucceſſion of ages moulder into duſt: It may be remarked, with much more juſtice, that the cuſtoms of our Anceſtors have experienced a greater decay, than the Gothic manſions which they inhabited. Chriſtmas was once revered not only as the ſeaſon of a ſolemn feſtival, but alſo as the harbinger of ruſtic gambols and ſprightly ſport: The countryman looked forward with pleaſure to that ſeaſon, the enjoyment of which compenſated for the labours of the year; while expectation cheared each arduous taſk. Feſtivity then called the ſurrounding peaſantry to "ghoſtly halls of "grey renown, with woodland honours graced." The aſſembled clan praiſed the liberality of their

Lord, while loyalty and jocund mirth beamed on each enlivened countenance. The crouded firesides of our Anceſtors were eminent proofs of old Engliſh hoſpitality: How much do I regret, that no longer the creaking hinge admits the jocund train; that the proprietors of rural manſions at preſent appear but like birds of paſſage, and regularly deſert the country with the ſmiles of Summer, or with the fruits of Autumn. No longer "the ſtrong table groans beneath the ſmoaking ſirloin:"—No longer the caſtle is enlivened with the "*buſy hum of men.*"

The diſadvantages of a large Metropolis, though perhaps little thought of by the generality of mankind, at leaſt by the gayer part, muſt ſtill be viewed by the Moraliſt, who judges preſent events by their relation to futurity, as one of the greateſt evils which any ſtate can experience. The Merchant may pronounce its extent as a ſign of opulence; the Voluptuary may conſider it as a proof of elegance; but the man of unprejudiced judgment beholds it in the ſame light as a ſumptuous ſepulchre, raiſed by the hands of luxury, and which an exhauſted nation has erected for the reception of its expiring morality and virtue.

The mimic arts of Painting and Sculpture may, with ſome minds, plead againſt the opinion of the Moraliſt;

Moraliſt; they may point to the gorgeous Palaces, and cite them as examples of refined taſte and convenience. Reflection may for a ſhort time alſo be loſt in the variegated ſcene of an extenſive Capital:—But a momentary attention muſt convince us, that every thing has its certain bounds; that we tread in a circle; and that a marked inconvenience naturally reſults from too refined a taſte. In theſe ſcenes of polluted grandeur the heart loſes thoſe finer affections, that virtuous ſympathy, which we ſee ſo often and ſo eminently diſplayed in the milder ſcenes of retired and domeſtick life,—in the character of the huſband, the parent, and the friend.

It is in great cities only that the Atheiſt hopes for converts, and the ſharper for his prey: It is here that ruin and diſſipation ſupply the place of rational gratifications and purſuits; while an enervated ſoftneſs of manners is miſtaken for that affection, which is the genuine offspring of virtue only. Whoever ſhall view impartially the too extenſive ſize of the Metropolis, and the natural conſequences which attend too enlarged a Capital, muſt coincide with my ideas of that remark, which has ſo often been advanced in its favour, "That here every thing may be purchaſed for "money," and muſt conſider it with me as holding forth in much ſtronger colours the dangerous reſidence,

dence, which it affords to the young, the inexperienced, and the gay. The numerous carriages which croud the ſtreets, although declared by the votaries of pleaſure to be a ſign of the opulence of thoſe who inhabit the capital, will prove only the exceſs of their folly and diſſipation.

Excited by the fatal example of his neighbours, the father of a family, poſſeſſed of a very moderate income, thinks it indiſpenſably neceſſary to figure in the world like the reſt, not with character, but with equipage and dreſs:—Thus, within the narrow confines of a gaol, he ſecures to himſelf an old age of miſery and diſappointment; while an infant family are expoſed to every calamity: Neceſſity, alſo, having no law, his children, as they grow up, muſt naturally become the terrour or the peſts of ſociety. Such is the gloomy but true picture of many, who had they been contented with the peaceful ſcenes of rural quiet, not only might have lived happy and reſpected themſelves, but have alſo ſeen a blooming family, emulating their virtues, and following their footſteps towards happineſs and Heaven.

How many delightful taſks and pleaſures does the country afford, which far overbalance the flimſy amuſements of the faſhionable rout, or diſſipated Faro

Faro party. Agriculture affords one of the nobleſt purſuits that man can follow: The Romans venerated ſo highly this occupation, that in the ſeaſon of their primitive ſimplicity we perceive many of their greateſt characters cultivating their farms with induſtry and frugality. The Dictator and the Conſul were taken frequently from the plough to head the battle, and to rule the ſtate. Alas! human ſagacity is but ſhort ſighted; falſe viſions of glory dazzled the eyes of the multitude. Foreign conqueſts, Foreign poſſeſſions and diſtant colonies, were ſubſtituted in the place of Agriculture. The luxuries and conſequently the views of Rome increaſed; and that State, which, had its forces been concentrated, might have reſiſted the world in arms, by extending them too far, fell an eaſy prey to the barbarian conqueror.

The ſalutary diſcipline of experience has at length inſtructed ſucceeding nations to prefer the peaceful cultivation of domeſtic poſſeſſions before the vain and empty allurements of foreign conqueſts. Trade is eſteemed by almoſt every Briton, to be the grand ſource both of their wealth and conſequence; but let us recollect for a moment the follies and vices which an unbounded and luxurious commerce brings with it. Let us remember that Agriculture preſents us with a far more valuable acquiſition, becauſe its

manners are ſimple and the morals which it eſtabliſhes, univerſally pure. By its ſupport we may become a world within ourſelves; may mock the idle vaunts of ambitious neighbours, or the ſuggeſtions of the chimerical enthuſiaſt; may flouriſh unconquered by their arms, or uncorrupted by their ſyſtem of morality. Theſe may be truly ſaid to be the only valuable acquiſitions to a Kingdom; the conqueſt of cultivation over ſterility and the deſart;—the triumph of virtuous labour and correct morals over vitious eaſe and profligate licentiousneſs.

Happy, thrice happy muſt that man prove, who beholds his family flouriſhing round him in the cultivation of virtue; while engaged in the purſuits of induſtry, and removed at a diſtance from the contamination of vice and folly, ſo prevalent in extenſive cities, "he teaches the young idea how to "ſhoot," or turns at pleaſure the gloomy moor into the luxuriant meadow; or views the oak and beech riſing in ſpreading clumps, on that ſpot which was formerly diſtinguiſhed only by its ſterility.

N.

NUMBER XXXV.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1795.

'——— *Tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,*
'*Hoc age; ne mutata retrorſum te ferat aura.*'
(HOR.)

'——— *There is a tide in the affairs of men,*
'*Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune:*
'*Omitted, all the voyage of their life*
'*Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.*'
(SHAKSP.)

'TO THE RANGER.

'SIR,

'I Shall not adopt the hackneyed method of 'paſſing an encomium on the author, in whoſe 'lucubrations I deſire my letter to be inſerted.—I 'ſhall, therefore, without any farther preface, aſſiſt,

'to the utmoſt extent of my power, your intention 'of correcting public follies, by a faithful detail of 'my unfortunate foibles; and will endeavour, by 'diſplaying the inconveniences which I have expe- 'rienced, to deter my countrymen from a ſimilar 'miſconduct.

'A handſome fortune, which deſcended to me by 'regular inheritance, gained me early admiſſion 'among the affluent and poliſhed circles of ſociety. 'But a ſpirit of irreſolution, which obtained a gra- 'dual aſcendency over my character, and an un- 'happy propenſity to delay, have overwhelmed me 'with diſeſteem and ridicule, where my qualifications 'and fortune entitled me at leaſt to the reſpect of my 'acquaintance.

'It is procraſtination, Mr. RANGER, which has 'occaſioned the miſery of my life, and which ſeems 'to have clouded every proſpect of pleaſure. In 'affairs of ſerious, as well as of trivial importance, 'my ſchemes have been uniformly fruſtrated by my 'negligence in conducting them. A want of punc- 'tuality has been conſtrued into voluntary diſreſpect: 'My friends are very ſeldom inclined to viſit me; 'as inſtead of attending them in the drawing room,

'I

'I am generally obliged to hold a conſultation over 'a bill of fare with my houſe-keeper. And as the 'hour of my attendance is always underſtood to 'be very precarious, I am not often ſummoned 'by an invitation to any entertainments in my 'neighbourhood.

'That a failing, ſuch as I am now complaining of, 'will almoſt utterly diſqualify a man for ſucceſsfully 'tranſacting the buſineſs of real life, may be readily 'imagined. My habitual careleſſneſs in ſettling the 'bills of my different tradeſmen, has, I ſuſpect, made 'me a ſufferer to a very conſiderable amount. In 'the cultivation of my eſtate the conſequences of 'my dilatory imprudence have been ſtill more ſe-'verely felt. Of ſome advantageous appointments, 'the offers have been loſt through the remiſſneſs of 'my ſolicitations. My inattention to rich relations 'has deprived me of more than one valuable legacy. 'And my propoſals of marriage have been rejected, 'from a want of aſſiduity in my addreſſes.

'This, Mr. RANGER, is an exact deſcription of 'my ſituation. I have attempted to point out from 'a few circumſtances of my life, the miſchiefs of a 'folly, of which experience indeed has made me

'fully ſenſible; but which, alas! is too firmly rooted 'in my nature, to yield to any immediate convictions 'of its abſurdity. This reflection, however, I will 'venture to draw from my narrative, that all the 'deſigns, in which I have failed, might have been 'executed with leſs trouble and expenſe, than diſap-'pointment was incurred, had they been commenced 'at a proper ſeaſon: and that human life is attended 'with duties, which, however we may delay their 'performance, neceſſity itſelf will ultimately force us 'to accompliſh.

'Your's, &c.

'CUNCTATOR.'

Notwithſtanding the eulogium beſtowed on an illuſtrious General of antiquity, that he had retrieved the almoſt deſperate fortune of the Roman Commonwealth by his judicious procraſtination, I muſt fully aſſent to the remarks of my correſpondent, his nameſake: and I embrace with implicit confidence the truth of a received and popular obſervation, that delay is without exception the moſt common and fatal enemy of human ſucceſs. The preſervation of

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a whole republic, by the adoption of a particular meaſure, is undoubtedly a formidable argument for its utility; but let us recollect that Hannibal is thought to have owed the ultimate failure of his unparalled expedition, to an imprudent acquieſcence in thoſe identical counſels which have immortalized the memory of his antagoniſt: and that by a luxurious ceſſation at Cannæ, inſtead of an immediate progreſſion to the metropolis of the empire, Carthage and Hannibal were plunged in diſaſter and ruin;—Rome and Fabius were crowned with glory and triumph.

If, however, we underſtand by procraſtination the neglect of opportunities, and the protraction of that 'till to-morrow, which might be executed with equal eaſe and propriety to-day, the example of Fabius cannot be adduced without manifeſt abſurdity to authoriſe ſuch maxims of conduct. The defenſive ſyſtem of that commander, which acquired him the epithet of *Cunctator*, or the *Delayer*, was a ſyſtem dictated not only by conſummate wiſdom, but by the obvious emergencies of his country. It was the choice of national ſafety by ſlow but ſecure proceedings, in preference to the doubtful iſſue of an engagement, which muſt have hazarded general deſtruction. It

was a ſyſtem, which conſiſted not in omitting opportunities, but in precluding every advantage of the enemy: which inſtead of raſhly anticipating the moment of action, waited, until it was preſented by the natural reſult of events, and a favourable conjuncture of circumſtances; by the gradual diminution of hoſtile reſources; and by the miſchievous refuſal of hoſtile ſupplies. Fabius foreſaw the lucky ſeaſon of embarkation, and explored with cautious vigilance the reflux of a tide, which in the former vehemence of its agitations might have daſhed the veſſel of the Commonwealth on the rocks, or have ſtranded it on the ſhallows.

Among thoſe illuſtrious worthies, whoſe characters are uſually recommended to juvenile imitation, and whoſe noble qualities are diſplayed with peculiar elegance and animation, in thoſe languages, which form the objects of our earlier ſtudies in literature, perhaps there is none whoſe example has been ſo generally and ſo unſuccesfully imitated, as this of the Roman Fabius. In almoſt every department of life, and in every ſpecies of individual occupation or of ſocial economy, this dilatory ſyſtem of action has been purſued, from the peaſant, who toils at the plough, to the miniſter, who directs the helm of policy.

Yet

Yet in various inſtances, reaſon and experience will convince us, that the conſequences reſulting from this practice are not of ſuch a ſalutary nature as to encourage many followers. In numberleſs ſubjects, our acquaintance with the inſeparable connection of cauſes and effects, ſufficiently unfolds to us the dangerous tendency of procraſtination and negligence. *Time and tide*, ſays the common adage, *ſtay for no man.* We know, that, wherever the agency of phyſical cauſes is concerned, a principal ſhare of prudence conſiſts in diſcovering with ſagacity, and in applying with induſtry, thoſe favourable junctures and opportunities, which, when once ſuffered to elapſe, the utmoſt endeavours of man can never recall into exiſtence.

The diſadvantages, however, which our external intereſts often experience from inattention and negligence, are not of ſo pernicious a nature, nor perhaps liable to be ſo generally incurred, as thoſe which affect our intellectual and moral concerns.

The miſeries of famine, and the diſgrace of a bankruptcy, are ſo evidently connected with the indolence of the huſbandman or the merchant, that the apprehenſion of them is ſufficient to invigorate the weakeſt

weakeſt energies. But in the reformation of manners, or in the acquiſition of knowledge, mankind are uſually prepared to palliate, by a thouſand frivolous excuſes, their delay in performing the moſt eſſential duties of human life. Yet a very little reflection would inform us in theſe momentous inſtances, that, ſince neither wiſdom nor virtue can long remain ſtationary, he, who does not regularly advance, is always gradually declining from the degree of elevation to which he had attained;—that courage is always impaired by heſitation; — that every moment of our non-reſiſtance is adding freſh difficulties to the objects which we encounter; —and that reſolution, by being frequently broken, at length yields without a ſtruggle to the ſlighteſt oppoſition.

The ſituation of man, as a moral-agent, is a ſtate of which every department and interval has its peculiar duties and employments. If theſe are performed in the order aſſigned by nature, the whole ſyſtem of life will proceed with regularity and harmony. The memories of children, as it is obſerved by Quintilian, are better calculated than thoſe of adults for undergoing thoſe exerciſes, and for the reception of thoſe rudiments of learning, which are

to

to be the foundations of future eminence and wiſdom. Nor would the formation of early habits of virtue be univerſally urged as a matter of ſo much conſequence, were it not acknowledged, that the excellence of moral as well as of literary character depends chiefly on a mature cultivation.

Of delay we may perhaps juſtly pronounce, that it is the offſpring of indolence and folly, deluding mankind into a fallacious acquieſcence on the expectations of futurity; and that by inculcating a reliance on the caſual proſpects of events, which it has a natural tendency to fruſtrate, it inſenſibly entangles them in irretrievable perplexities and diſappointments.

Yet abſurd and irrational as all ſuch proſpects muſt appear upon a moment's ſerious contemplation, ſuch is the power of ſelf deluſion, and ſuch is generally the dread of a ſevere ſelf examination, that it is not difficult to find frequent examples of people, whom a ſpirit of delay in their moſt important intereſts has made the inextricable victims of misfortune and ruin.

Craſtinus, at an early period of life, ſucceeded to an ample eſtate, which had been gradually accumulated

emulated by the induſtry and economical diſcretion of his forefathers. To diſſipate a patrimony, however valuable and extenſive, is a circumſtance ſo familiar to our obſervation, a circumſtance ſo naturally reſulting from the common principles of modern education, that an adherence to the parſimonious maxims of old-faſhioned prudence, would have been probably reckoned more extraordinary in Craſtinus, than an imitation of his prodigal contemporaries.

Like empires, therefore, which riſe in ages and fall in moments, the fortune of Craſtinus was ſquandered away in a flight of rapid months, not equal to the number of years in which his anceſtors had collected it. Yet Craſtinus, perhaps like moſt other ſpendthrifts, had ſome lucid intervals of reflection; and would ſometimes entertain an idea of retrenching his expenſes. But the habits of ſuch men are more eaſily formed than vanquiſhed. Though poverty menaced him with all its complicated horrours, ſtill mortgage after mortgage was permitted to ſwallow up his eſtate. In vain did he often proteſt that the occaſions of his extravagance ſhould never be renewed. In vain were the ſolitary determinations of expiring virtue oppoſed to the ſubtle artifices of the Jockey and the Gameſter, the jovial raillery of his revelling

revelling companions, and the insinuating blandishments of the mistress. Such venal appendages of the man of fashion still haunted his mansion, and basked in the sunshine of his favour. Crastinus, notwithstanding all his resolutions, was confined so close a prisoner by the allurements of vice and folly, that he never wanted a pretence for deferring the hour of reformation; 'till at length, amid his visionary projects, the intrusion of the bailiffs awakened him from his lethargy, and left him to contemplate his imprudence in a gaol.

From the prevalence of luxurious and dissipated manners, too many, it is to be feared, bear a close resemblance to the character and misfortunes of Crastinus. What a number of families are ruined by such systems of superfluous splendour, and by the vain design of reclaiming at a future opportunity those extravagant and ostentatious establishments which they know themselves unable to support. How many, in affairs of still deeper importance, propose to themselves, with a treacherous confidence, some distant and uncertain period for returning into the paths of deserted virtue: Forgetful that human life is surrounded with innumerable multitudes of unforeseen

casualties;

caſualties; that vicious habits are always growing more inveterate by indulgence; and that the probability of ſubduing them is conſtantly diminiſhed, in proportion as our oppoſition is delayed.

NUMBER XXXVI.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1795.

" ——— *Quid Rides? mutato nomine de te*
" *Fabula narratur.*"

(HOR.)

Why laughs my friend, at Pedants from the Schools?
When all Mankind in diff'rent ways are Fools.

'TO THE RANGER.

'MR. RANGER,

'MY inclination has always induced me to 'ſhew a decided preference to moral eſſays, and to 'publications, which tend to correct the heart, and 'improve the manners of the riſing generation. This 'plan, firſt laid down, and ſupported by Addiſon in 'his inimitable Spectator, has been purſued by others

'with equal ſucceſs: Men of the brighteſt genius, of 'the pureſt morals, and of the moſt refined manners, 'have not diſdained the pleaſing taſk to exhibit in 'glowing colours the different characters of Mankind,

'*To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,*
'*To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,*
'*To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix*
'*The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.*

'Such were the eſſays of an Addiſon and a John-'ſon, and although the ſame advantages may not be 'reaped from the peruſal of other books of a ſimilar 'nature, yet we cannot but allow them their proper 'ſhare of merit, and conſult them with pleaſure:— 'Among theſe, MR. RANGER, you will give me 'leave to mention your work, which I met with 'lately during my viſit to a friend in the Country. 'Your critical remarks on the Pedantic Scholar, in 'your twelfth number, are certainly juſt; but ſurely, 'by confining yourſelf to that deſcription of Pedantry 'only, you have turned aſide from a ſpacious field of 'obſervation; from which the public would have 'derived much inſtruction and amuſement.

'Men addicted to Science, and delighted with the 'purſuits of Literature, may perhaps be favourable to 'others of ſimilar attachments; and I muſt confeſs,

'MR.

'Mr. Ranger, that my partiality may poſſibly in-
'duce me to allow for the failings of theſe men, to
'conſider them in a more reſpectable point of view,
'and to give them more credit than they commonly
'receive from mankind in general: Yet I have al-
'ways remarked, that Ignorance, dazzled by the
'ſuperiour brightneſs of Genius and Education, is but
'too apt to indemnify itſelf, for a want of talents, by
'a marked contempt for natural endowments, refined
'by ſtudy, and to rank all Scholars indiſcriminately
'in the claſs of Pedants. I am ready to allow, as in
'your twelfth number, that a Pedant may be found
'in every line of ſcience, as in every other occupation,
'amuſement, or purſuit of life; but I could never
'conceive, with what juſtice or propriety, the term
'Pedant could be conſidered, as more peculiarly ap-
'plicable to Literary men, attached to Science:—
'Surely, Mr. Ranger, the juſt rebuke of Plato,
'when Diogenes trampling on his carpets, exclaimed,
"I trample on Plato's pride," may be here uſed with
'great propriety; and we may ſay, with juſtice, that
'more Pedantry is diſplayed by their accuſers in the
'charge itſelf, than by men of letters, againſt whom
'this accuſation has been brought.

'Look into the book of the world, and attentively
'peruſe the chapters which it contains; the truth of

'this remark will then appear ſo clearly as not to be 'denied, much leſs refuted: The very ingenious and 'eccentric Sterne has ludicrouſly enough placed us 'all on our hobby-horſes; but I do not doubt, had he 'conſidered the ſubject a little more deeply, he would 'have diſmounted the rider, and repreſented him, like 'the old man in the fable, carrying his beaſt; he would 'have ſaid with the clown in the Pantomime,

"*That each has his hobby, mankind all agree;*
"*But my little hobby, he rides upon me.*"

'I am very far, MR. RANGER, from confining 'my ideas of Pedantry to Scholaſtic Learning, to 'Science in general, or even to the Politician, who 'diſputes on the fall of Nations in a ſnug Coffee-'Houſe, over a diſh of tea. Characters ſuch as 'uncle Toby, and Commodore Trunnion, have been 'too often delineated for me to wiſh to conſume your 'time in portraying them, or to engage your atten-'tion by a long and ſtudious diſplay of Military and 'Naval Pedantry: Theſe and the Pedantic Scholar 'are harmleſs characters, which may be corrected 'often by time, obſervation, and the advice of friends; 'which may even ſometimes amuſe, but which never 'can do more, at the worſt, than fatigue their 'audience, or render it impatient: Vain and impor-'tunate as they are, they and their follies ſhall ſleep

'in

'in peace: Againſt the Pedantry of vice, not of folly, 'I wiſh to direct my pen; againſt thoſe, whoſe 'vitious perſeverance, a nuiſance to ſociety, diſgraces 'themſelves, and contaminates mankind, wherever 'they appear.

'It is much to be lamented, and a matter of ſerious 'regret, however it may have eſcaped general ob-'ſervation, that Pedantry, in the cultivation and 'commendation of vitious purſuits, is to be diſcovered 'daily, in the polite circles of faſhionable life: But 'before I ſhall trouble you, MR. RANGER, with the 'inſtances which have occurred to me on the ſubject, 'and have induced me to ſubmit my thoughts to your 'criticiſm, I ſhall explain my ideas, and define the 'character of Pedantry, which word I have uſed in a 'more extenſive ſenſe, and as equally applicable to 'the vices as to the follies of mankind.

'Pedantry then is a faith, like that which proceeds 'from Superſtition; an attachment to any particular 'purſuit, attended at the ſame time with a deſire of 'diſplaying the proficiency acquired in ſuch purſuit, 'and of making converts: Valuing highly thoſe 'things to which it is inclined, it diſplays a marked 'contempt for every occupation, engagement, or

'amuſement, that alone excepted, by which it is 'attracted.

'Eſteeming himſelf always as the principal perſon 'in the ſociety which he frequents, the Pedant con-'ſiders it as his duty to convert, inſtruct, or enter-'tain his audience, but in his own way: Holding cer-'tain opinions, which by repeating for a length of 'time, he has taught himſelf to conſider as Truiſms: 'Againſt theſe he will hear no arguments, "Pſha," "Nonſenſe:" "I think ſo:" "It is my opinion:" "So it appears to me, and to all men, who judge "ſenſibly:" "You are miſtaken:" "You do not "ſee the point clearly:" "You are ignorant and "know nothing:" Theſe are all phraſes familiar to the 'Pedant, and ſtored up in his memory, ready for im-'mediate uſe, againſt any one who ſhall dare to 'queſtion the morality of his diſcourſe, or the ſenſe 'of his obſervation: Louder than the reſt of the 'ſociety, and inattentive to decency and good man-'ners, he ceaſes not to elevate his voice, until the 'force of his lungs ſhall have attracted obſervation 'and enforced ſilence.

'Such, MR. RANGER, is the general character of 'the Pedant; you muſt ingenuouſly confeſs it to be 'as equally applicable to the Pedantic Man of Ton as

'to

'to the Man of Literature and Science: But the 'vulgar having more peculiarly applied the term to 'thoſe of the latter deſcription, who prefer a vain 'diſplay of knowledge to ſolid ſcience, it has hi- 'therto become conſecrated, as it were, to the deſ- 'cription of their extravagance and conceit. A mo- 'mentary reflection will point out in the circle of 'Society that particular deſcription of Pedantry on 'which I write, and againſt which I complain.

'To prove the truth of my aſſertions, and the 'juſtice of my complaint, I ſhall ſelect a few cha- 'racters from my acquaintance; and theſe I ſhall 'venture to lay before your readers.

'Jack Guzzle is well known at all the public 'dinners in London, where he is famous for carrying 'away more wine, than any three of his aſſociates, 'and for the drunken quarrels in which he is fre- 'quently involved. His long and early habits of 'drinking would have killed any other man. His 'father, an honeſt country foxhunter, after having 'lived ſingle for many years, at laſt thought proper 'to take to himſelf a wife; and Jack was the only 'iſſue of the marriage. He was taught in his early 'infancy, even before he could ſpeak articulately, to 'give the view halloo; and he attended his father to

'the

'the field at the age of ſix years. He ſoon learned 'to drink with the huntſmen; and at twelve, could 'toſs off his dram with a ſmack. All theſe accom-'pliſhments ſo endeared him to the honeſt foxhunter, 'his father, that although often requeſted by his 'relations to ſend Jack to ſome good ſeminary of 'learning, he declared, that as the boy ſhewed ſuch 'ſigns of genius, he would undertake his education 'himſelf; and for that purpoſe fixed on a neigh-'bouring clergyman who had been his conſtant 'companion in the field.

'With ſuch an education, ſo ſuperintended, the 'rapid progreſs which Jack made, aſtoniſhed his 'acquaintance. At the age of ſixteen he could break 'a horſe, train a dog, leap a five-barred gate, and 'ſhoot flying, better than any man in the country:— 'At eighteen he acquired immortal reputation by 'drinking down the mayor and the whole corpora-'tion at a public dinner in a neighbouring borough.

'He was now thought completely qualified by his 'friends for the Univerſity, where the little learning, 'which he had acquired in rainy weather, and on froſty 'days, would render him acceptable to the Senior, 'and his talent for cracking a bottle ingratiate him 'with the junior part of the community. His pro-

'greſs

'greſs here was equal to his former character; he 'completed his education; and although he loſt the 'little Latin which he brought with him, yet the 'reputation, which he had acquired of a five bottle 'man, and of having induced more freſh men to be-'come drunkards, than any other Academic of his 'ſtanding, amply compenſated this trifling loſs.

'On his return home his father received him with 'open arms; and his old acquaintance and friends 'all congratulated him on the eminent character, 'which he had obtained: The old gentleman how-'ever, who had hitherto ſtood unrivalled, as the 'hardeſt drinker in the country, unwilling that his 'ſon ſhould enjoy a greater name than himſelf, chal-'lenged him to a drinking match, in which he loſt 'both his reputation and his life, being carried off a 'few days after by a violent fever: Jack, however, 'neither forewarned nor alarmed by his father's fate, 'ſtill follows his profeſſion, with a pedantic attach-'ment, and is become the terrour of every ſober 'man in the county; whom he never fails to per-'ſecute by inciting them to drink, and to inſult with 'his harangues in praiſe of a bottle. He boaſts, 'that he is reputed to be the hardeſt drinker in 'Europe, and that he has killed more men by the

'bottle

'bottle in a twelvemonth, than all the Phyſicians in 'London have cured in ten years.

'Will Latitat is deſcended from a country Attorney, 'who by care, parſimony, and a good character, 'acquired a ſufficiency to place his ſon at the Uni-'verſity, afterwards at the Temple, and to leave him 'a competent fortune. The old man had flattered 'himſelf, that he ſhould live to ſee his ſon Will oc-'cupy, on ſome future day, a diſtinguiſhed rank at 'the Bar: Death terminated his hopes, and young 'Latitat, releaſed from the ſuperintendence of his 'father, relinquiſhed his ſtudies to purſue his incli-'nation for *toniſh* ſociety. We ſee him now in 'every circle, a conſtant attendant on the Faro 'table, aping the man of faſhion, and affecting to 'deſpiſe thoſe, who are not included in the ton; and 'who are diſtinguiſhed only by their attention and 'knowledge. Had old Latitat been poor, Will 'would have been both induſtrious and reſpectable; 'he is now the reverſe, becauſe his father was rich 'and eſteemed: and thoſe abilities which would 'have commanded affluence, and enſured character, 'are now proſtituted to harangue in praiſe of folly 'and vice, and to miſlead others, in the paths of pro-'fligate diſſipation and licentious extravagance.

'Bob

'Bob Tindal is the ſon of a reſpectable clergyman, who held a large family living: he was deſigned by his father for the ſame profeſſion, and was diſtinguiſhed early at the Univerſity, for his powers of diſcrimination, and logical acuteneſs.—The fame, which he had acquired in the art of diſputing, gave him a turn to diſcuſs every ſubject, cavil at every propoſition, and not unfrequently defend the wrong ſide of the queſtion. His ſtudies being directed towards the Church, the doctrines of our religion became the ſubject of his animadverſions; and by degrees doubts aroſe in his mind, whether he could adopt thoſe doctrines, and defend thoſe tenets. Inſenſibly from the habit of diſcuſſing atheiſtical queſtions, he began to defend them, from defending them to reſpect and endeavour to propagate them: In vain his friends urged him to purſue his father's plan, and enter into orders: he continually excuſed himſelf, as unwilling to ſubſcribe to that religion, which he did not underſtand. And he reſolutely perſiſts in his refuſal, by which he has incurred the loſs of his living and fellowſhip, with the diſpleaſure of all his friends: while at the ſame time regardleſs of the whole, he miſapplies his talents in every circle of ſociety, which he enters, to render himſelf obnoxious by defending the abſurd ideas of Atheiſm, and by countenancing

every

'every attack on the eſtabliſhed religion of his fa-
'mily and country.

'Thus, Sir, have I laid before you and your rea-
'ders, the various characters which occur to me;
'and which have induced me to ſuppoſe, that a
'more dangerous ſpecies of Pedantry may exiſt, than
'that, of which men of ſcience have been accuſed.
'I ſhall be happy to have been inſtrumental in
'holding up ſuch characters to general notice, and
'in marking them as objects of public ſcorn; that
'virtue may avoid their ſnares, and innocence be
'protected from their malevolence.

'I remain with eſteem,

'Mr. RANGER,

'Your conſtant reader,

'OBSERVATOR.'

I have inſerted the above letter at the requeſt of Obſervator, and ſhall be happy in a continuance of his correſpondence; from which I truſt my readers will derive entertaining and uſeful inſtruction. His deſcription of Pedantry, I cannot but conſider as juſt, and his defence of Men of Letters as ingenious. The pen of criticiſm ought certainly to mark thoſe vitious Men,

Men, who, while they ridicule the extravagant conceit of the Scholar, are inattentive to their own perſeverance in Vice, to their own Pedantry in preaching its doctrines, or to the deſtructive influence which their conduct has already had, and will ſtill continue to have on ſociety, unleſs it ſhall be checked by the reproof of the Divine, or by the pen of the Satyriſt. While the Scholaſtic Pedant raiſes our contempt or demands our pity, thoſe men, roaming through the world, to diſſeminate ſtudiouſly their doctrines, merit both the indignation and execration of Mankind; and can only be aſſimilated to that great Pedant in wickedneſs, the Devil, 'who goes about daily, like a 'roariug lion ſeeking what he may devour.'

O.

§ Hints on any Subject, will be received and attended to, directed (Poſt Paid) to the EDITOR of the RANGER, at Mr. NORBURY's, Printer, *New-Brentford*;—or if left at any of the Publiſhers.

NUMBER XXXVII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1795.

'Quis fructus generis tabula jactare capaci
'Corvinum, posthac multa deducere virga,
'Fumosos Equitum cum dictatore Magistros,
'Si coram Lepidis male vivitur?'

(JUV.)

How vain through musty pedigrees to trace,
Th' illustrious honours of an antique race;
To boast a General's or Dictator's Fame,
When crimes disgrace the Heir's degenerate name.

'MR. RANGER,

'AMONG the various follies of Mankind, so 'justly obnoxious to the shafts of invective, or to the 'corrections of the Moralist, a distinguished station 'must be allotted to Family-pride; to that species of 'ostentatious vanity, which renders the individual,

'who poſſeſſes it, at once diſguſtful in his manners,
'contemptible and ridiculous in his opinions.

'For in a ſtyle of interrogatory, notorious indeed
'for the frequency and antiquity of its application,
'but fully ſanctioned by the teſtimonies of experience
'and truth, it may be aſked, what merit or ſupe-
'riority can a long race, even of the nobleſt and moſt
'illuſtrious anceſtors, impart, except to him, who
'imitates their examples, to him, who breathes a
'congenial ſpirit of virtue, to him, who emulates the
'fame of their glorious atchievements?—To a perſon,
'who degenerates from the accuſtomed pre-emi-
'nence of family honour, the tranſcendent virtue
'of his predeceſſors is a diſgrace rather than an or-
'nament. Hence his character becomes a ſubject
'of keener remark and of more general obſervation;
'and hence every failing and demerit ſtand exag-
'gerated by the glaring contraſt of remembered
'excellence.

'Theſe reflections were originally ſuggeſted to me
'by a character in real life, which, during a viſit to
'a friend, ſome months ago, I had frequent oppor-
'tunities of inſpecting. As this was the moſt ſin-
'gular inſtance of family-pride, that has ever occurred
'to my obſervation, I ſhall, without any more
'preface,

'preface, introduce it to the acquaintance of my 'readers.

'After repeated ſolicitations from my friend, Sir 'Henry Mortimer, to ſpend a few weeks with him 'at his delightful retreat, in the romantic vale of 'Glamorgan, I determined upon the expedition in 'the month of laſt July: On the fourth evening after 'my departure from London, I perceived the an-'cient towers of Ruthvin-Caſtle, riſing majeſtically 'from the noble wood that ſurrounded it. The 'Caſtle itſelf ſoon after appeared, ſituated in the 'middle of a verdant lawn, from which was ſeen, 'through an opening viſta, a moſt extenſive and 'variegated proſpect, bounded only by the diſtant 'mountains, behind which the ſun was ſetting in full 'ſplendour. The whole formed ſo grand and mag-'nificent a ſcene, that I ſcarcely ever remember 'myſelf raiſed to ſuch a pitch of enthuſiaſm.

'My friend received me at the gate with a ſmile, 'expreſſive at the ſame time of his benevolence, 'and of his pleaſure on ſeeing me. He conducted 'me into a vaſt gothic hall, hung with warlike 'trophies, and the relics of antiquity. The quiver, 'the lance, the bow, the helmet, and the ſhield, 'ſurrounded the whole apartment; and exhibited

'lively monuments of manners and ſyſtems of life 'which have long ſince diſappeared. At the upper 'end was an immenſe fire-place, which in Winter 'diffuſed its genial warmth over the ſpacious hall. 'The ideas of old Engliſh cuſtoms were ſo firmly 'rooted in my breaſt, that I could not help recalling 'to my memory the ancient ſcenes of chivalry and 'hoſpitality which formerly diſtinguiſhed thoſe ſe-'queſtered regions.

'My friend, perceiving me thus abſorbed in me-'ditation, exclaimed, "You are, doubtleſs, wondering "at the ſtrange and uncouth appearance of this hall "and its appendages; but I aſſure yon, that if theſe "monuments of former wars and victories were re-"moved, my tenants would view the manſion with "leſs veneration, and probably its poſſeſſor with "diminiſhed reſpect."

'With the amiable character of Sir Henry Mor-'timer your readers are already partially acquainted. 'To the enumeration of his valuable qualities in 'a former paper, I ſhall only add, that, though de-'ſcended from one of the moſt ancient and ref-'pectable families in Wales, he is totally exempt 'from the pride and arrogance, which have been 'reckoned characteriſtical of the native Cambrians.

'On

'On the morning ſubſequent to my arrival the 'worthy Baronet invited me to take a proſpect of 'the ſurrounding country. We had not proceeded 'far on our excurſion, before we accidentally met 'with his neighbour, Sir David ap Shenkyn. Sir 'David is deſcended from an antique race, and 'boaſts an alliance with a number of illuſtrious 'and noble families. Such is his vanity in this 'reſpect, that he is continually diſplaying the genuine 'and aboriginal dignity of his extraction; and he 'would ſooner part with a limb, than reſign any 'ancient uſage, which he thinks connected with his 'hereditary ſplendour. In gratifying a foible, which 'he is pleaſed to call a proper veneration for his 'Anceſtors, and for the primeval manners of his 'country, Sir David has in ſome degree ſacrificed 'ſolid ſubſtance to empty ſhow. His patrimonial 'revenues have at different times been conſiderably 'reduced; and his eſtates have been contracted to a 'narrower compaſs, by ſupporting the dignity of his 'family, and by ſuſtaining the cumbrous ſyſtems of 'early magnificence.

'A deſcription of his appearance will not probably 'be thought leſs entertaining than a hiſtory of his 'life and manners. An immenſe broad brimmed 'hat, ornamented with tarniſhed gold lace, and

'decorated with an enormous gilt buckle, half co-
'vered a buſhy wig, which added not a little to his
'natural deafneſs. His green coat was ſtudded with
'a multitude of broad ſilver buttons, on each of
'which his creſt, conſiſting of a hand and leek,
'courted the reverence of the ſpectator. On the
'flaps of his ſaddle, which, as well as the bridle,
'appeared to have been uſed in the days of Sir
'David's grandfather, three Goats and a Welch
'Harp, the family-arms, were ſtudiouſly exhibited:
'To complete the whole, his ſteed as much reſembled
'the mettleſome Rozinante, as his maſter did the
'redoubted Don Quixote.

'My friend having introduced me to this curious
'perſonage, Sir David begged permiſſion to ſhew
'me his grounds and manſion, both of which he
'aſſured me were highly magnificent and ſuperb.
'We proceeded then, in compliance with Sir
'David's importunate invitation, expecting to ſee
'ſome beautiful walks, and ſome romantic proſpects
'of the contiguous domain:—But what was my
'aſtoniſhment, when I found his boaſted woods and
'ſcenery uncommonly gloomy and diſagreeable. At
'the bottom of a thick avenue, formed by a double
'row of yew hedges, and interſperſed at intervals
'with ſome pollard oaks, appeared Shenkyn-Caſtle.

'It

'It was an abode which bore the veſtiges of ancient 'ſtrength. Its tottering turrets and mutilated battle-'ments diſplayed a ſcene of former violence; and the 'mouldering influence of time was evinced by the 'gradual decays of rude grandeur: Upon enquiry 'I found that Sir David had never laviſhed any ex-'penſe on its repairs, conſidering its ruinous ap-'pearance as his greateſt glory, and the ſureſt me-'morials of its antiquity. From the Caſtle Sir 'David conducted us through a wood, the path of 'which was ſcarcely broad enough to admit a man 'on horſeback. So much of our time was con-'ſumed in liſtening to the recital of ancient anec-'dotes, which redounded to the honour of the 'Shenkyn family, and in obſerving at ſeveral 'openings ſome cheerleſs ſcenes dignified by Sir 'David with the title of romantic and pictureſque, 'that when we had arrived at the extremity of 'the wood, we found it high time to return to 'Ruthvin-Caſtle. We, therefore, took leave of 'Sir David, and returned highly impreſſed with the 'ſingularities of his character.

'The next morning, at breakfaſt, we received a 'formal invitation to dine that day at Shenkyn-'Caſtle, penned by the hand of Sir David's ſiſter, 'Miſs Deborah ap Shenkyn; a lady, as my friend

'informed

'informed me, equally infected with family pride;
'and who, like her brother, has reſolved to remain
'in an unmarried ſtate, becauſe ſhe could never
'find an alliance, in her opinion, adequate to the
'dignity of her extraction.

'We went according to invitation, and were re-
'ceived at Shenkyn-Caſtle by the Knight himſelf,
'and three ſervants in moſt gorgeous liveries, in a
'hall, which ſeemed more likely to afford a reſidence
'for bats and owls, than for human creatures.
'This, the Knight aſſured us, was the place, where
'his anceſtors uſed to entertain their vaſſals, and
'celebrate their victories. From this he led us to
'another apartment little inferior to the former in
'ſize and inconvenience: The furniture appeared
'coeval with the caſtle itſelf, and the oak wainſcot
'was hardly ſufficient to repel the inclemency of
'the weather: At the upper end of this, which Sir
'David called a ſaloon, ſat Miſs Deborah ap
'Shenkyn, with all the pride and formality, which
'uſually accompany conſciouſneſs of imaginary ſu-
'periority. After the preliminaries of introduction
'were ſettled, with a ſtated gravity and compoſure,
'ſhe deſired us to ſeat ourſelves at her right hand,
'on a ſopha decorated with embroidery, which
'repreſented the exploits of her anceſtors, and

'which

'which was worked, as ſhe informed us, by the 'hands of her great-great-great-grandmother, who 'flouriſhed in the days of Henry the Eighth.

'Soon after, dinner was ſerved up, in a room not 'quite ſo ſpacious as the other, but equally gloomy 'and uncomfortable; and which made me reflect 'with gratitude on the advantages of the ſummer 'ſeaſon. I ſhall not trouble my readers with a 'minute detail of our entertainment; ſuffice it to ſay, 'that the plate on the ſideboard, with the whole ap-'paratus of the dining-room, denoted the ſpirit of our 'hoſt, and was plentifully decorated with the figures 'of Goats and Leeks and Welch Harps, thoſe em-'blems of domeſtic as well as of national glory.

'When Miſs Deborah had retired after dinner, 'Sir David inſiſted upon ſhewing the ſtranger 'many curious antiquities. For this purpoſe he 'conducted us into an apartment, which, as it 'contained all the books ever poſſeſſed by the 'family, ſhall paſs under the name of his library. 'In this was depoſited an immenſe genealogical 'table, pointing to which Sir David ap Shenkyn 'commenced the following harangue: — "This "pedigree will ſhew you that I claim alliance with "ſeveral of the moſt noble families of South-

"Wales.

" Wales. You will ſee in what degree I am re-
" lated to the illuſtrious houſes of Blethyn ap
" Wallen, ap Morgan, ap Madan, ap Rhythwerch,
" ap Caradoc, ap Ithel, ap Rhys, and many others."
' After this he opened a cabinet, and taking out a ruſty
' ſpear's-head, " This," ſaid he, " belonged to ap
" Couthyn, one of my anceſtors, who vanquiſhed at
" a tournament, Morgan ap Turkhyl, accounted the
" beſt ſpearman in all South-Wales, and who, 'till
" then, had conquered every antagoniſt. Here,"
' continued he, taking up a head-piece, " is the helmet
" of Irwerth ap Gorch, which he wore when he
" overcame Edwyn Gryffid, reputed the ſtrongeſt
" warrior in the nation. There," pointing to a
' ſhield, cried he, " is the target of Berrhryn ap Elas,
" ap Maenar, who fell, fighting valiantly for his
" country.—But what I prize above all the reſt, is
" that ſword blade, which Howel Dha, the ancient
" Britiſh Prince, preſented to Bryah Phyn, one of
" my anceſtors, for ſlaying a dreadful monſter, that
" ravaged the country, and which none had been
" found hardy enough to encounter."

" Under this place," continued he, " are the dun-
" geons, in which, five hundred years ſince, my an-
" ceſtor, Madoc ap Caradoc, confined Unwel ap
" Anarwellyn, a celebrated uſurper, an inveterate
" enemy

" enemy of our family, together with ſeveral of his " followers."

' Here Sir David concluded his tedious and unin-
' tereſting diſſertation; and ſome time after we de-
' parted from Shenkyn-Caſtle, having had, during
' our viſit, ſufficient occaſion for reflecting how fri-
' volous are all hereditary honours, when unaccom-
' panied and unſuſtained by perſonal dignity and
' virtue.

' I remain,

' MR. RANGER,

' Your conſtant

' Reader and admirer,

' X. X.'

I agree in general with the reflections made in my Correſpondent's letter, but ſhould have been glad, had he rather choſen ſome of the ſubjects which preſent themſelves to our daily obſervation. It would not have been, I think, very difficult to have proved, that the unlimited follies of dreſs and equipage were originally founded on the pride of Anceſtry, on the wiſh of honouring thoſe Anceſtors, and of doing credit to our Family; in which deſire Men endeavour to diſtinguiſh

tinguiſh themſelves, not ſo much by their own intrinſic virtue and character, as by extraneous circumſtances, by an idle parade, and uſeleſs oſtentation.

While the Moated Caſtle, the extended Pedigree, and their vain-glorious Poſſeſſor are exhibited as daily objects of ridicule, and while we mark thoſe follies in ſtrong colours, we heedleſſly and ignorantly paſs by vices which are evidently drawn from the ſame ſource, the pride of Family; becauſe the ſhades of the latter are more lightly marked and leſs diſcoverable. Againſt theſe, however, the Satyriſt ought to direct his pen, for they are certainly the more dangerous, becauſe the ſource from which they are drawn lies more unobſerved and concealed.

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NUMBER XXXVIII.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1795.

'TO THE RANGER.

'Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήίζεται,
'Ἐσθλὴς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.'

(SIMONIDES.)

'*In joys, in miſchiefs, womankind excel,*
'*Who make the nuptial bower a heaven or hell.*

'SIR,

'I GREATLY approve of Periodical Eſſays in 'general, and of your's in particular; the Spectator, 'Connoiſſeur, and all the reſt of their worthy bre-'thren have done ſingular ſervice to their country, 'and I may add to the World itſelf: but they, like hu-'man generations are paſſed away, and by many of 'our preſent moderns looked upon as obſolete. On

'this, however, I muſt inſiſt, they are only conſidered 'ſo by thoſe, who moſt require their admonitions. The 'cenſure of folly is a ſubject unpleaſing to the ear of 'its profeſſed votaries, and never did any age more 'than this, require examples of virtue and incitements 'to reformation, in public as well as in private life.

'Let not your readers from hence ſuppoſe that 'I mean, like a Cynic, to infer that the King-'dom of Great-Britain does not abound with cha-'racters great and virtuous: Numberleſs perſonages 'of the firſt diſtinction are exemplary in their con-'duct and ſteady in their principles;—many in the 'claſſes of inferior life are valuable members of ſo-'ciety, and train up their families in the paths of 'rectitude and honour:—But, alas! we have ſeriouſly 'to deplore, that worthy examples are not more 'univerſal: Why are not the charms of virtue ſo 'prevalent, as to annihilate totally the deformities of 'vice; which, however adorned by the external garb 'of pleaſure, cannot be concealed from the mental 'eye of reaſon, in thoſe recollective moments which 'muſt inevitably ſtrike every conſcience not become 'callous by a long familiarity with guilt.

'It is by ſlow degrees that vice firſt inſinuates itſelf 'into our imaginations, in the enchanting form of

'happineſs,

'happineſs, which Protean phantom, at firſt pur-
'ſued with innocence, afterwards too eagerly
'plunges us into ſcenes of errour, from which
'we have no reſolution to extricate ourſelves.
'Sound principles, inſtilled by a ſtrict and vir-
'tuous education, ſeldom fail of ſucceſs; and, I
'am apt to believe, more are bewildered in the
'paths of depravity and vice, from the neglect of
'parents and of guardians, than from the natural cor-
'ruption of the human heart. If good ſentiments
'ſhall not be inculcated, evil ones muſt ariſe, for our
'minds will not lie fallow, but folly will ſpring up
'in the ſoil, where no virtues are implanted.

'Happy are the youth, who from early education
'imbibe thoſe ſentiments, which acquire them that
'true reſpectability of character, which can alone im-
'part dignity to mankind.—Many parents negatively
'good themſelves are not ſufficiently ſtrenuous in en-
'forcing even the moral virtues, and in recommending
'them to their offspring, but from an unpardonable
'ſupineneſs and indolent propenſity, think it ſufficient
'to add the exterior graces, while the empty ſoul is
'ſuffered to remain uncultivated, and therefore ready
'to receive the tares of vice and immorality.

'I adviſe my countrymen, whom providence has 'bleſſed with a ſolid education, never to forſake the 'beaten track, which they have been taught to follow, 'and to form friendſhips alone with men of un-'tainted principles; but above all, before they enter into 'that indiſſoluble engagement, which ſtamps the 'happineſs or miſery of their life, let them chooſe 'with caution, and be led by the merits of the heart, 'rather than the beauties of the eye.—I will venture 'to illuſtrate my admonition by an example, the au-'thenticity of which I draw from my own expe-'rience.

'I loſt my parents before I knew them, and was 'reared and foſtered by an indulgent grand-father, 'whoſe ſmall patrimony I was to inherit. My con-'ſtitution was conſidered by this good old man, as 'too tender to undertake any profeſſion but that of 'the Church, but I felt no inclination to figure in a 'pulpit, or to be the paſtor of a village flock. It was, 'therefore, wiſely determined by him, and a ſpinſter 'ſiſter who ſuperintended his houſe, and helped to 'ſpoil my teeth with ſweetmeats, and my temper by 'indulgence, that their darling Billy ſhould make his 'fortune by an union with the heireſs of ſome 'wealthy merchant;—for this I was taught to dance, 'to dreſs, and became, in the eyes of my partial re-

'lations,

'rations, as well as in my own, a very pretty fellow;
'tho' I confeſs, I have often heard comments on my
'perſon, in public, rather humiliating, ſuch as theſe
'for inſtance, "that I looked like a prentice, and had
'a mean and ſneaking air;" this, however, did not
'diſmay my natural aſſurance, nor diveſt me of ſelf
'conſequence. I attributed every ſarcaſm to envy
'and malice, and felt my vanity rather encreaſed
'than diminiſhed by them:—I muſt now confeſs,
'my talents were rather trivial, tho' then I had a high
'idea of my own accompliſhments. Fortunately I
'had imbibed ſome ſtrict notions of religion, which,
'notwithſtanding they remained dormant for ſome
'years, have ſince expanded in my heart, and greatly
'refined my ideas and reformed my manners. My
'intentions were fully fixed upon realizing the wiſhes
'of my grandfather, by uniting myſelf to a woman
'of fortune, but my attempts were unſucceſsful, I
'met with ſeveral repulſes, and was induced to think
'the female mind incapable of diſintereſted love,
'without reflecting that my own conduct eminently
'inſtanced avarice to be my leading principle.

'I was invited by an old ſchool-fellow to paſs the
'Chriſtmas holidays at his houſe: my aunt Deborah
'offered ſome forcible arguments againſt my abſence
'at this ſocial ſeaſon, urged the goodneſs of her

'minced pies, and the plumpneſs of her new-year's 'turkey, but in vain, my kind grand-father aſſiſted 'my cauſe, and all the elocution of his ſiſter was 'defeated. She muttered ſomething about ungracious 'boys and youthful obſtinacy, but immediately be-'took herſelf to the employment of preparing my 'portmanteau for the journey, which extended as far 'as Whitehaven, and which I was to take in a ſtage-'coach. At parting, my grand-father encloſed in my 'pocket-book a fifty pound Bank note, which, how-'ever, he cautioned me not to ſpend, or even change, 'but upon an emergency, that he could not ſuppoſe 'would happen, as my purſe already contained twenty 'guineas. Aunt Deborah warned me againſt playing 'high at cards, and I received a tender adieu, with 'ſtrict injunctions to return to them the day month 'on which I ſat out.

'I found a convivial party at Whitehaven, and a 'moſt cordial reception from my friend and his lady. 'We either dined out, or entertained company at 'home every day; and our evenings commonly con-'cluded with a dance. Among the circle who were 'inmates in the houſe, was a Widow with her 'daughter, a pretty girl of ſixteen, who, to all 'the advantages of early youth, added every em-'belliſhment that could be derived from a ſtrict

'attention

'attention to the duties of the toilet. The elegance 'and variety of her attire made me conclude that 'ſhe poſſeſſed a fortune adequate to her appearance. 'Her family was ancient and allied to nobility, and 'her only brother, by the demiſe of an uncle, was 'become an Earl.

'I was by no means deficient in pride; the idea of 'forming an honourable alliance was flattering to 'my vanity, and my ſelf-conceit was gratified by the 'viſible and marked attention of this young lady. 'The party chiefly conſiſted of two married cou-'ples, who, having lately entered the holy eſtate of 'matrimony, ſeemed engroſſed by themſelves and 'their own conſequence; and of two or three elderly 'men and women beſides: Clarinda Careleſs there-'fore naturally fell to my lot in dancing, as we were 'the youngeſt perſonages in the ſociety. Her mo-'ther having caught cold in her journey to White-'haven, was confined to her room by a violent rheu-'matiſm, but being too indulgent a parent to debar 'her darling the pleaſures of that ſociety of which ſhe 'herſelf could not then partake, ſhe required from her 'no attentions to her ſick chamber, but left her to 'her own diſcretion, which was by no means ſuper-'abundant. The only ceremony that ſhe exacted from 'the dear girl was one viſit during the courſe of the

'twenty-

'twenty-four hours, generally juſt before ſhe 'deſcended to dinner, when her Abigail had, to 'the utmoſt of her abilities, completed the deco-'rations of this pretty figure. Having in theſe in-'terviews received from her mother all the perni-'cious praiſes that ill-judged tenderneſs could beſtow, 'ſhe joined the company below fluſhed with vanity, 'ready for every ſoft impreſſion, which gallantry and 'admiration might attempt to make on her young 'heart.

'At the end of the firſt week I began to believe 'myſelf ſeriouſly in love with Clarinda; her evident 'and ceaſeleſs attentions awakened in my breaſt the 'moſt ardent gratitude; and that which I have ſince 'conſidered in the light of forward advances, I then 'attributed to the innocent effuſions of a heart, caught 'in the toils of a well formed attachment, for ſo ir-'reſiſtible an object as myſelf. Secure of a ſucceſs, 'which the encouragement I hourly received from 'my fair miſtreſs ſeemed to render certain, I urged 'my ſuit without that timid baſhfulneſs, which 'uſually accompanies a declaration of love, where 'modeſt dignity on the lady's ſide and delicate reſerve 'ennobles female tenderneſs. I ſeized a moment 'when I could perceive Clarinda purpoſely lingered 'in the breakfaſt-room, after the company had

'withdrawn,

'withdrawn, to offer her my hand; ſhe inſtantly re-
'ſigned her's as a token of acceptance, and uttered an
'irrevocable vow, to be only mine;—but impoſing
'ſilence for the preſent, ſhe tripped out of the room
'ſmiling, and aſſuring me that ſhe would not *long* try
'my conſtancy.

'We met in the evening at a ball to which we
'were invited,—never had ſhe appeared ſo enchanting
'in my eyes, ſhe was all happy exulting animation!
'We had much time for unobſerved converſation, as
'the company was numerous, I renewed of courſe
'the ſubject of that morning's dialogue, and requeſted
'permiſſion to apply for the conſent of Mrs. Careleſs.
"That muſt not be," returned ſhe gaily, "I have
"already ſounded my mama, and ſhe deſired to hear
"nothing of the matter; adding, that if ſhe ſhould be
"conſulted, ſhe muſt refuſe compliance, ſince my other
"guardian had fixed upon an alliance very advan-
"tageous, and would think me thrown away upon
"a country gentleman." "What then," returned I
'eagerly, with a look of diſappointment, "are all
"my viſions of happineſs deſtroyed?" She laughingly
'replied, "have you forgot our mutual engagement,
"and my voluntary vow?—I am your's by promiſe,
"and ready to accompany you to Scotland, that mo-
"ment when you ſhall have a carriage ready for our
"journey,

" journey, as nothing but an elopement can unite us:
" My mother will eaſily be prevailed on to forgive a ſtep
" which ſhe took herſelf with my father, at my age,
" and I am ſure ſhe doats upon me with ſuch fond af-
" fection, that ſhe will think my fortune well
" beſtowed, to ſecure my happineſs. I feel that I
" muſt indeed be wretched with any man but Mr.
" Raſhley."—She concluded theſe words with
'ſuch a look of tenderneſs, that I felt overcome by
'gratitude. I uttered, in the effuſion of my heart, the
'moſt binding aſſeverations of eternal conſtancy, our
'route was ſoon ſettled, and it was decided, that the
'next evening ſhould take us far from Whitehaven,
'towards the propitious land of Hymen.

'I retired to my room with a heart and head full
'of the approaching change in my ſituation. The
'alliance which I was going to make with the ſiſter
'of a Scottiſh Peer inflated my vanity, and the ac-
'quiſition of a ſuppoſed fortune of twenty thouſand
'pounds, that my delicacy forbad my mentioning
'to Clarinda, and which, in my opinion, ſhe from
'the ſame motive, never named, completed my
'delight; as I doubted not it would yield great gratifi-
'cation to my indulgent grandfather. I judged it
'would be needleſs to inform him of an alliance, which
'I knew he muſt approve when the ſtep was taken,

'although

'although I ſuſpected he would ſo greatly diſapprove 'of a clandeſtine marriage, that to apprize him of our 'intentions before the event was irrevocable, would 'be to run the certain chance of his oppoſition, and 'conſequent diſcovery to the family of Miſs Careleſs. 'I therefore determined agreeably to ſurpriſe my 'grandfather and aunt with my good fortune, and to 'preſent my beautiful, rich, and honourable bride, 'with all poſſible eclat and triumph on our return 'from the North.

'My Clarinda was if poſſible more gay, more vo-'latile than ever this day; ſhe expreſſed no timid 'doubt, no apprehenſive emotion, and I ſhould have 'marvelled at her filial inſenſibility and intrepid re-'ſolution, had I not imputed all to the account of 'the ſtrength of her attachment, and the generous 'confidence which ſhe placed in me.

'We reached Gretna Green, without being over-'taken, or even purſued; and as ſoon as the hymeneal 'fetters, were properly rivetted by the reverend black-'ſmith, we purſued our courſe to the manſion of my 'grandfather, in Huntingdonſhire.—A letter of in-'formation to him preceded us by the poſt, wherein 'I failed not to repreſent my good fortune in glowing 'colours, and inſtead of requeſting forgiveneſs for

'the

'the ſtep, which I had taken, I rather demanded praiſe
'and approbation for having ſo meritoriouſly formed
'a noble connection for my family, and acquired ſo
'deſirable a fortune for myſelf.

'The good old folks received us graciouſly.—My
'grandfather, when he ſaluted my wife, ſurveyed her
'thro' his ſpectacles, and ſhaking me cordially by the
'hand, "Well ſaid, my boy," cried he, "You have
"given a proof of your taſte in this fair lady, make
"her a kind huſband, and God bleſs you." My aunt
'Deb. bending from her naturally erect figure, next
'advanced and kiſſed the cheek of my tittering bride,
'who was incautious enough to ſhew ſome ſigns of
'riſibility. "I wiſh you joy, Mrs. William Raſhley,"
'ſaid the old lady; then turning to me, "Nephew,"
'ſaid ſhe, without lowering her voice, "your wife
"would make a very pretty doll." This ſarcaſm
'never was forgiven by Clarinda, who had a natural
'propenſity to ridicule old women.—However ſhe
'for the preſent concealed the high ſpirit which ſhe
'poſſeſſed, under the maſk of ceremonious attention.

[*To be continued.*]

NUMBER XXXIX.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1795.

[*Continued from* No. XXXVIII.]

'MY wife was now prevailed on by me to write 'some profeſſions of duty to her mother, for her little 'ungrateful heart was not ſtored with any ſenſibility, 'excepting for her own intereſt: Filial affection 'with her, never extended beyond a few words with 'which her conduct was wholly inconſiſtent. My 'grandfather addreſſed likewiſe a letter to Mrs. Care-'leſs, acknowledging the honor of the alliance, and 'entreating her forgiveneſs towards the fair fugitive: '—He added that he propoſed to ſettle three hundred 'per annum out of his own thouſand, entailed 'upon his grandſon after his demiſe, which, with the 'intereſt of the young lady's fortune, the principal 'of which, he recommended might be immediately 'ſettled, he hoped would enable us to live comfort-'ably and genteelly, in ſome reſidence of our own

'Three weeks elapſed without any reply to theſe 'epiſtles, when two arrived, the one from Mrs. 'Careleſs, the other from the Earl, her ſon, in Ire-'land, both addreſſed to my grandfather. They con-'tained ſome lines of cold civility towards him, but 'were expreſſive of much reſentment towards Cla-'rinda, appriſing Mr. Raſhley, that the utmoſt of her 'fortune, five thouſand pounds, could not be touched 'until ſhe ſhould attain the age of twenty one, but 'that the intereſt, amounting to two hundred and 'fifty pounds a year ſhould be regularly paid.— 'His Lordſhip added, Mr. Raſhley's honourable 'propoſition, that his ſiſter's fortune ſhould be ſettled 'on herſelf and children, ſhould be duly executed.

'Thus were my expectations of twenty thouſand 'pounds reduced!—but repentance was vain, and I 'determined to make as good a huſband as if all my 'ideas had been realized.

'We were invited to reſide with my grandfather 'entirely, who generouſly forebore any reproaches 'on my inconſiderate union. Clarinda I ſoon diſ-'covered was neither formed by nature nor education 'for domeſtic life; vanity and the love of admiration 'were her predominant paſſions. She had been 'taught only to dreſs her perſon, her mind was

'totally

'totally unadorned with any accompliſhment; her 'taſte for reading extended no further than a novel, 'from which kind of ſtudy ſhe had collected all her 'ideas of life; but tho' ſhe had imbibed from theſe 'trifling performances, ſtrong notions of the powers, 'and even the neceſſity of love and beauty, ſhe had 'not adopted any of the refined ſentiments with 'which ſome of our modern novels abound. To 'be a young and pretty married woman was in her 'idea to be every thing that was charming. She was 'anxious to become a wife at an early age, from the 'imaginary conſequence, which ſhe thought the 'name of huſband gave, and the advantages, that ſhe 'ſuppoſed it yielded her over the ſingle women of her 'acquaintance; and I was ſoon perſuaded from a 'nearer inſight into her character, that her violent 'attachment to me, would have been eaſily tranſ-'ferred had ſhe failed of ſucceſs; as her young heart, 'uncultivated by reaſon, uninformed by real ſenti-'ment, was ready to fix on any object, and to receive 'any impreſſion.

'I found it neceſſary to begin my wedded life with 'keeping my young wife within the ſtricteſt bounds 'of propriety. Fortunately perhaps, for her, I was 'naturally of a jealous temper, which was effectual 'towards reſtraining her habitual levity:—I ſoon diſ-

'covered that ſhe, by watching me with ſcrutinizing 'eyes when we were occaſionally in company, kept 'a guard over her conduct, and treated men in ge- 'neral with a proper reſerve. Among my follies I 'poſſeſſed not that which induces ſome huſbands to 'feel their own vanity flattered by the admiration, 'which their wives excite. I gave her to underſtand, 'the better to regulate her manners, that if ever I 'ſhould perceive the leaſt degree of familiarity or 'coquetry in her behaviour, I ſhould reſent it with 'outrageous marks of diſpleaſure.

'Theſe conſiderations made her find the neceſſity 'of attending implicitly to all my humours, which I 'confeſs were not few in number: She was young 'and pretty, and I, upon the whole, indulgent to her 'wiſhes. She paid my grandfather tolerable atten- 'tion, becauſe her intereſt was there concerned, as 'he was continually making her little preſents to 'adorn her perſon;—but aunt Deborah who never 'contributed to her vanity by either additions to her 'wardrobe, or commendations of her beauty, became 'the object of her deriſion and averſion. Not all my 'authority could ſtop her mouth from railing conti- 'nually at the moroſeneſs of age, and the ſingularity 'of old maids; nor from lamenting the misfortune 'of her deſtiny, which immured her in a ſociety ſo

'unfit

'unfit for the companions of youth and gaiety.—'She was indeed herſelf unformed for any ſolid con-'verſation, and could actually enlarge on no ſubject 'but that of dreſs, nor take pleaſure in any party 'which was not compoſed of giglers: Time hung 'heavily on her hands, and when ſhe was tired of 'her needle, her only rational and uſeful em-'ployment, and to which in ſelf defence ſhe found 'herſelf obliged to have recourſe, to compoſe the 'ornamental part of her dreſs, ſhe uſed to ſaunter 'from room to room, and move from glaſs to glaſs, 'there to ſurvey her pretty perſon. I have often ob-'ſerved her when I have been reading in the apart-'ment, bring in a band-box full of flowers and fea-'thers, with which ſhe has amuſed herſelf for the 'ſpace of an hour together. She would in this 'pleaſing mirror, practice all her winning ſmiles and 'dimpled graces, gaze at her ivory teeth, and then 'turning to me, would ſay, "Dont you think it, my "dear William, a dreadful thing to be buried in the "country?—why one might as well be old and ugly! "How can you, by choice, waſte your early life in "ſolitude? ſeparated from the world?" "Becauſe," 'I anſwered, "my dear Clarinda has it in her power "to be all the world to me, and were I all the world "to her, ſhe would not wiſh to charm any fancy "but her huſbands. Come and ſhare in my amuſe-

" ments, acquire a taſte for reading, and you will " never feel diſtreſs from a vacant mind."

' In a few months my wife aſſumed the character ' of mother, and preſented to my venerable and de- ' lighted grandſire a little great-grandſon. This event ' furniſhed Clarinda with a new employment, and ' ſhe undertook with alacrity the novel taſk of nurſing ' her infant:—She aſſumed no ſmall importance on ' the occaſion, but exhibited much conſcious pride on ' becoming a mamma at the age of ſeventeen. Her ' flippant ſarcaſms were not wanting, whenever Mrs. ' Deborah entered the nurſery, from whom ſhe often ' ſnatched the boy, ſaying, " Dear madam, you terrify " me to death, you are not *accuſtomed* to children, " and know not how to handle them." " Truly," ' replied the incenſed ſpinſter, bridling, " I may per- " haps be as *expert* in the art of nurſing, as novices " who are ſcarcely more than children themſelves." " Ah, my good aunt Deborah," retorted my arch ' wife, " *had you* entered in the holy eſtate of wed- " lock at an age *as early*, you might have been ſur- " rounded now, by a third or even a fourth genera- " tion of ſweet little cherubs, who each in ſome " feature or other might have reſembled their honored " grandame: — Dont you think my little William " very like your brother?"

' Such

'Such impertinence generally ſent the old lady 'from the nurſery. But I think I muſt now check the 'courſe of a pen that ſeems inclined to dwell for 'ever on a ſubject very unentertaining to the public. 'To cut ſhort my tedious narration, I will cloſe the 'ſcene of my firſt marriage, by informing you that 'my wife ſurvived my grandfather and aunt, only 'two years, being carried off by a violent fever, 'which was then epidemical. I pitied her early fate 'rather than regretted it, as her trivial endowments 'and volatile diſpoſition, never had rendered her a 'companionable friend. She left me two daughters 'and a ſon, whom I have been happily enabled to 'educate in a manner that promiſes me much comfort; 'they are dutiful and affectionate, and I really believe 'would not offend me in thought, word, or deed.

'I had experienced ſo little comfort in my firſt in-'conſiderate choice, that it was not my deſign to 'form another:—The inſipidity and childiſhneſs of 'Clarinda's character, made me dread the idea of 'uniting myſelf to any of her ſex, but the third year 'of my widowhood diſcovered to me that my heart 'was capable of a real impreſſion, and proved that 'my ſenſes, not my affections, were charmed with 'Clarinda Careleſs.

'Honoria

'Honoria Belmont, whom I occaſionally met at 'the houſe of a friend, impreſſed me, on my firſt 'acquaintance, with no peculiar degree of admi-'ration; her perſon, accuſtomed as I had been to 'beauty, appeared rather plain than handſome, but 'no ſooner did an improved intimacy diſplay the 'ſweetneſs of her temper and the depth of her under-'ſtanding, than her features became animated with 'ten thouſand unſpeakable graces and reſiſtleſs 'charms; no roſes either natural or acquired bloomed 'upon her cheek, no lilly whiteneſs ſoftened her 'complexion, but ſenſe and ſenſibility gave life to 'her eyes, and ſmiled around her mouth. Conde-'ſcending gentleneſs combined with feminine dig-'nity and unaffected diffidence to render her the 'moſt intereſting of women. She was paſt the 'bloom of youth, but at the age of thirty poſſeſſed 'charms far ſurpaſſing and more irreſiſtible than that 'tranſient beauty, which if unaccompanied by men-'tal attractions, is of as little real ſignificance as du-'rability. She fortunately had ſpent thoſe years, which 'too many of her ſex ſpend at their looking-glaſs, 'in the improvement of talents with which nature 'had liberally endowed her, and if ſhe could not 'boaſt of features and a complexion which are eaſily 'compoſed upon canvaſs in glowing colours, her 'countenance was animated with thoſe nameleſs

'graces

'graces of which mere beauty is ever devoid. A 'younger and fairer woman, when Honoria was 'preſent, might pleaſe the coxcomb for a moment, 'but while ſhe alone attracted the eye, Honoria cap-'tivated the ſenſe, and attached the heart.

'She had rejected many advantageous offers, to 'devote her youth to the declining health of a beloved 'mother, whoſe latter end of life had been ſoothed, in 'a ſevere illneſs, by her filial attentions and tender 'care. She poſſeſſed an independent fortune of thirty 'thouſand pounds, and her mother's jointure de-'volved to the ſon of her huſband by a former mar-'riage. This exemplary daughter, though a volun-'tary recluſe from the world, was by genius and 'education eminently formed to be the ornament of 'ſociety; but her unaſſuming reſerve would not 'ſuffer her to diſplay thoſe accompliſhments much 'in mixed ſociety. Many weeks paſſed before I 'ventured to hint my admiration of this charming 'woman to my friend, I then confeſſed to him that I 'had never loved till now, but that a conſciouſneſs of 'my own inferiority in every thing, precluding the 'probability of hope, ſilenced my tongue on ſo in-'tereſting a ſubject, as a declaration of my paſſion. 'He bid me not deſpair, but wait a favorable oppor-'tunity.

'When

'When left to my own reflections, I conſidered my-
'ſelf as very preſumptuous in raiſing my wiſhes to
'a lady who had refuſed ſo many great offers, and
'who was a match for a man of the firſt diſtinction.
'I then made the compariſon between Clarinda
'Careleſs and Honoria Belmont, wondering how the
'heart thus enſlaved by the irreſiſtible faſcination of
'the latter, could ever have been enſnared by the
'unmeaning features and baby face of the former;—
'but ten years of ſtudy and converſe with mankind,
'had taught me experience; and my own mind,
'which at the age of twenty-two, ſtill bore traces
'of the boy, then diſcoverable in the pragmatical
'aſſurance of my behaviour, now had taken a more
'ſolid turn;—the precepts and example of my worthy
'grand-father, aided by much reading and ſtudy, had
'ſo encreaſed my reaſon and improved my under-
'ſtanding, that at two and thirty I had little remaining
'of my former ſelf, and was totally a new character.
'My anxiety to train up three charming children in
'the paths of virtue was ardent, to my boy, I felt
'that I could do every juſtice, but the education of
'my girls ſeemed an arduous and dangerous under-
'taking. I dreaded nothing ſo much as their in-
'heriting with the beauty, the folly and frivolity of
'their mother. Judge then if my wiſhes to place
'their conduct under the eye of ſo incomparable a

'woman

'woman as Miſs Belmont, united forcibly with the 'inclinations of my heart to obtain her hand.

'Not to fatigue you, MR. RANGER, with the 'progreſs of my courtſhip, ſuffice it to inform you, 'that it proved ſucceſsful;—I became, in two months 'after my propoſal, the happy huſband of a woman 'whoſe conduct as a wife and mother was ſuch as 'might be expected from ſo exemplary a daughter! 'Her maternal affection towards my girls could not 'have been exceeded by the tendereſt natural parent: 'By her unremitted attentions they are become as 'accompliſhed in mind as they are beautiful in 'perſon;—they love her with tenderneſs, obey her 'with delight, and revere her almoſt to adoration.

'Thus, MR. RANGER, by my example have I en- 'deavoured to enforce, under the ſanction of your 'paper, that caution to youth and inexperience, in the 'conſequential article of marriage, that may warn 'them to ſhun the ſnare of ſuperficial beauty, unac- 'companied by thoſe intrinſic qualities of the heart, 'which alone render the ſeveral characters that 'form domeſtic life truly reſpectable.

'I am aware, that the thoughtleſs, diſſipated, and 'gay of both ſexes, will turn my maxims into ridi-

'cule,

'cule, but I am above it all; ſuch cenſure I deſpiſe,
'for long experience has taught me the uſe of reaſon.
'I am faſt declining into the vale of years—I have
'felt acutely, and ſuffered ſeverely, from the head-
'ſtrong folly of impetuous youth; remorſe has at-
'tended every juvenile indiſcretion; fain would I,
'therefore, warn by the confeſſion which I have made,
'the votaries of worldly pleaſure. The firſt ſetting
'out in life not only ſtamps our character, but de-
'cides our happineſs—falſe ſteps are difficult to be
'retrieved by our ſex, by the fairer part of the crea-
'tion, impoſſible. Conſider then, daughters of youth
'and beauty; let diſcretion heighten your attractions,
'and ſanctity of mind dignify your manners—may
'you be the admiration of men of ſenſe and virtue,
'and become the choſen wives of ſuch, who will
'know how to prize your worth.

'I am, Mr. RANGER,
'Your conſtant reader,
'And humble ſervant,
'WILLIAM RASHLEY.'

O.

NUMBER XL.

OF THE

RANGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1795.

'*Finis longæ chartæque viæque.*'

(HORAT.)

'*Where my long journey and my paper end.*'

(FRANCIS.)

IT is natural for us to be affected with gloomy and penſive ideas at every proſpect of a ſeparation from thoſe purſuits which have afforded us pleaſure; and from thoſe objects, which we have been accuſtomed to contemplate with ſuch uninterrupted ſatisfaction, as to conſider their preſence in a manner neceſſary to our happineſs. It is perhaps alike un-

enviable to poſſeſs, and impoſſible to acquire, that ſtate of ſtoical apathy, which diſdains to be intereſted by the common partialities and attachments of nature, and which ſurveys without a ſigh or an emotion, the diſſolution of the tendereſt connexions.

Yet however melancholy may be our reflections on the momentary period of human exiſtence, on the tranſient frailty of its purſuits and its enjoyments, their interruption is an event, to which the laws of that exiſtence will ſooner or later exact an abſolute ſubmiſſion. The arm of induſtry cannot be raiſed for ever; and the efforts of humour and invention fade away, like the fleeting pageants of the hour. The principles of health and vigour are aſſociated with the principles of decay: Even the grandeſt fabrics of political power verge rapidly from their higheſt elevation to their fall.

The lapſe of time, which in its progreſs overwhelms alike the humbleſt productions of obſcurity, and the proudeſt monuments of human glory, now terminates the appearance of the RANGER; and he muſt inform his readers that the preſent eſſay is his concluſion. Yet far is he from comparing his removal from their acquaintance to an ultimate ſepa-

ration.

ration. He rather wiſhes to bid them adieu with a ſmile, indulging the fond hope of meeting them hereafter, though perhaps under a different diſguiſe: he ſuppoſes their acquaintance to have ſomewhat reſembled that, which naturally ſubſiſts between the paſſengers in a ſtage coach. And while the RANGER has acted the part of the occaſional orator, he hopes that they have acquired ſome ſmall portion of amuſement from his efforts to entertain and inſtruct his fellow travellers.

The RANGER muſt now throw aſide the maſk, which has hitherto concealed him. Cuſtom, that power, to which mankind are forced to pay implicit obedience, demands it of him; and ſome might perhaps ſuppoſe that if he did not obey her dictates, he was aſhamed to acknowledge his productions.

Though this method has been purſued by his various predeceſſors, yet almoſt all of them have concurred in pronouncing it a moſt difficult and unpleaſant duty; and they have entertained far greater apprehenſions concerning the reception of their laſt eſſay, than of any preceding number.

This difficulty ſeems to ariſe chiefly from three cauſes, which I will here take the liberty of ſtating to my readers.

Firſt, Since all concluſions of works of this nature are neceſſarily ſimilar in their ſubject and deſign, their execution will of courſe bear a mutual reſemblance; and it will be almoſt impoſſible for a ſucceeding author to attain any appearance of novelty, —perhaps to eſcape the imputation of plagiariſm or ſervile imitation.

Secondly, As the celebrated author of the Rambler obſerves, it is very commodious to publiſh things under a diſguiſed character, of which few people would wiſh themſelves to be the reputed authors. There is a privilege given to authors in maſquerade, which ceaſes when the veil is withdrawn.

Thirdly, Some might perhaps be willing to admire the work, while they remained unacquainted with its author; who after he had diſcovered himſelf, would probably find their expectations deceived, and from ſuch diſappointment would begin to entertain a contempt for the writer, and conſequently for his publication.

Some

Some few there are, I flatter myſelf, who have been pleaſed, or at leaſt not diſſatisfied with my attempts. Theſe will perhaps expect to be made acquainted with my reaſons for diſcontinuing the publication. Undertaken without any view to pecuniary advantages, the work was originally limited to a moderate length; it was deſigned to be extended only to forty numbers, which will form two volumes in duodecimo: this determination was grounded on various reaſons. Perhaps the moſt forcible is that of the ancient Greek Proverb,

Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν.

For how many are there, who would be induced to peruſe a book, which fatigues not by its prolixity, who would turn away with diſguſt from heavy volumes?

It muſt alſo be conſidered, that a periodical writer is every week to ſearch for ſome new ſubject. Imaginary characters, ſhort deſcriptions, and the various ſcenes of life are to diverſify and adorn his lucubrations. Now however rapid and ſucceſſive may be their changes, and however the tranſactions of which he muſt neceſſarily be an eye witneſs, may furniſh him with freſh topics for animadverſion and

ridicule, yet by continual exerciſe his invention will be wearied; and his eſſays, deprived of the ſmall portion of poignancy which they formerly poſſeſſed, will become inſipid and unintereſting to the generality of his readers. Thus the trifling ſhare of applauſe, which he would have acquired had he confined his work to a moderate length, is imprudently riſqued by a continuance of its publication. Nothing is more true than what the Roman poet adviſes.

'*Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum ne*
'*Peccet ad extremum ridendus.*————'

(HORAT.)

'*The voice of reaſon cries with piercing force,*
'*Looſe from the rapid car your aged horſe,*
'*Leſt in the race derided, left behind,*
'*Jaded he drag his limbs.*————'

(FRANCIS.)

Very little apology I conceive is neceſſary for ſending my labours into the world in weekly numbers. A periodical writer, beſides the great advantage which he poſſeſſes of appearing in a fictitious character, enjoys the benefit of ſpeaking immediately to his readers without the circumlocution of the third perſon. He can point out to them their follies and extravagancies

extravagancies at the moment, when they become viſible; and his obſervations by appearing at that very time are enabled '*to ſhoot folly as it flies.*'—Whereas his reflections on men and manners if delayed would be rejected as hackneyed and common. Another privilege peculiar to periodical publications is this, that the author may addreſs himſelf in feigned letters, which, as they cannot be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of real correſpondents, are more noticed; and the advice which they contain more attended to, than if they appeared to come from the editor himſelf:—theſe are the principal reaſons which induced me to engage in this ſpecies of publication.—I muſt now give ſome account of the work itſelf and the perſons concerned in its production.

The RANGER according to its firſt intention is profeſſedly miſcellaneous; excluding only thoſe topics which furniſh occaſion for political animoſity: the importance of which renders them very improper objects of a curſory diſcuſſion.

When the immature age of the perſons concerned in the publication of the RANGER comes to be conſidered, the candour of the reader will ſuggeſt to him, that their original motive for engaging in ſuch

a work, and their principal object in purſuing it, have been the deſire of private improvement in literature. This, it will be generally acknowledged, is moſt effectually promoted by the frequent practice of compoſition. And in compoſition it will ſurely be thought no diſadvantage, that the energies of the mind ſhould have been rouſed by the call of honeſt ambition; and that the conſciouſneſs of writing, what was to be ſubmitted to public inſpection, and what was intended for public entertainment, ſhould have made invention more active in the collection of materials, and judgment more correct and cautious in its examination of propriety. It is only by repeated trials and habitual exerciſe that diſtinction can be attained in any employments dependent on the operations of genius. The ſeveral juvenile compoſitions of *Pope*, which were deſtroyed as unworthy of public notice, inform us by what early and perſevering diligence that juſtly celebrated poet reached the ſummit of excellence. And upon ſuch conſiderations of intellectual improvement derived from his labours, the RANGER will think himſelf fully recompenſed in his undertaking, independently of the amuſement, which has reſulted from the occupation.

To his correſpondents the RANGER is indebted for the following detached pieces: For the letter from NUGATORIUS in the fourth number; for BENJAMIN BOW-BELL in the ſeventh; from W. F. in the ſeventeenth; from A. B. in the twenty-ſeventh; for the Ode on Warwick Caſtle in the fifth; for the firſt parts of the ſeventeenth and eighteenth numbers, ſigned S. and L. for the following entire papers, the eighth, the fourteenth, the ſixteenth, and the twenty-eighth; and for the letters and papers marked C. the RANGER is indebted to a friend whoſe name he is not permitted to divulge.

Having thus ſettled accounts between his correſpondents and himſelf, it is time for the RANGER to renounce his fictitious character, and like the hero of the fabuliſt, to loſe his enchanted form, as the taliſman is now broken.

All the papers of the RANGER, excepting thoſe letters and numbers acknowledged above, have been written by the two perſons whoſe names appear affixed to the dedication; and whoſe ages, taken conjointly, do not amount to thirty-three years. They truſt that the frequent inequality of the numbers will be attributed to that unſettled ſtyle which uſually appears

pears in the literary productions of young minds, to which the frequent practice of compoſition has not yet given a regularity and an uniformity of manner. Under this excuſe they hope to ſhelter themſelves and their failings from the ſevere cenſures of the critic, who might otherwiſe condemn, as the production of maturer years, that, which it is hoped he will pardon in the compoſitions of a young inexperienced author.

FINIS.

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Errata in Vol. II.

Page	Line	
25,	13,	after *freedom* insert *I loſt.*
29,	17,—65,	6, for *priviledge* read *privilege.*
56,	11,	for *chryſtal* read *cryſtal.*
59,	23,	for *was* read *having been.*
62,	3,	for *colonade* read *colonnade.*
71,	20,	for *ant* read *ent.*
74,	4,—249,	2, for *further* read *farther.*
107,	15,	for *at the* read *of the.*
119,	15,	dele *comma* and insert *can.*
121,	11,	for *ſubtlety* read *ſubtilty.*
129,	3,	Ἄμοχθος γὰρ οὐδείς· οὐδ' ἥκιστ' ἔχων μακάρτατος. place the accents.
169,	12,	for *connections* read *connexions.*
171,	3,	for *ance* read *ence.*
196,	9,	for *deſart* read *deſert.*
247,	19,	for *might* read *to.*
248,	21,	after *Clarinda* read *as.*

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